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# PERIL

10¢

Starring  
DANNY DANGER  
TYPHOON TYLER  
TIME TRAVELERS







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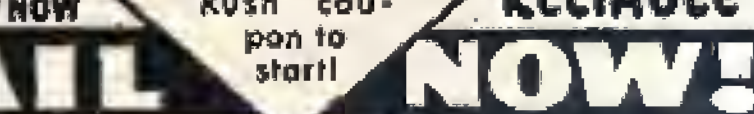
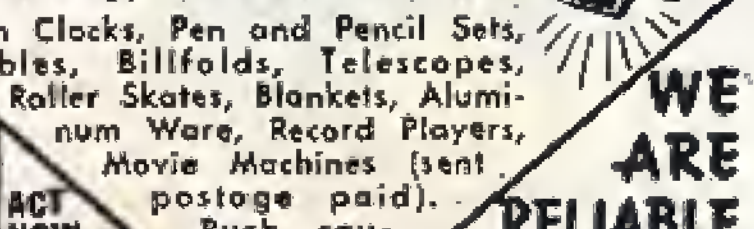
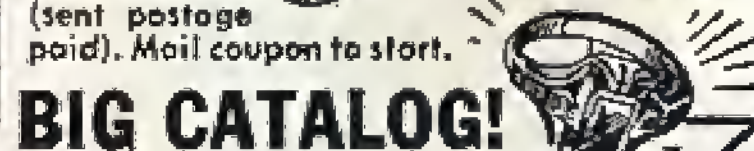
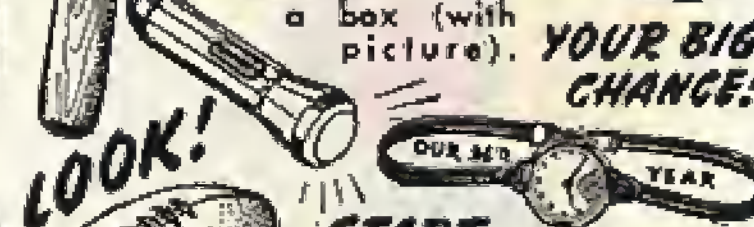
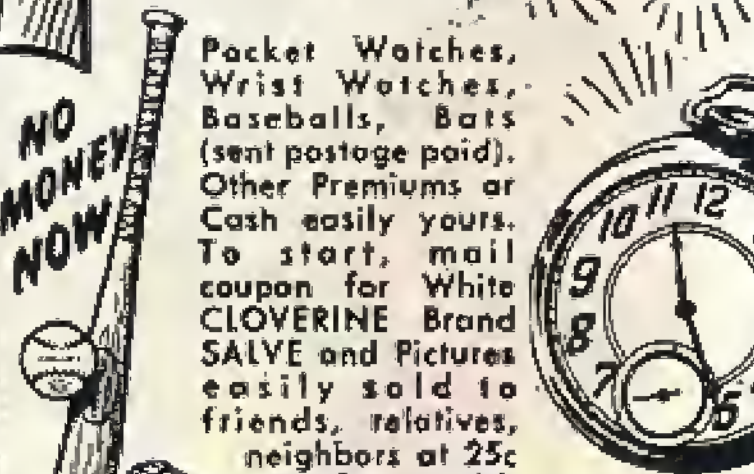
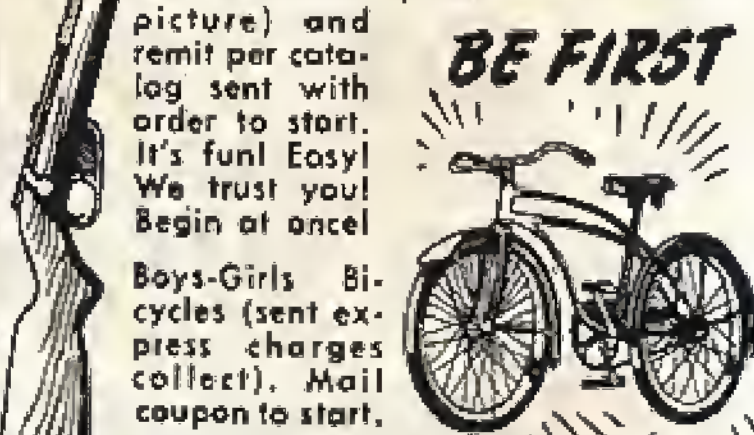
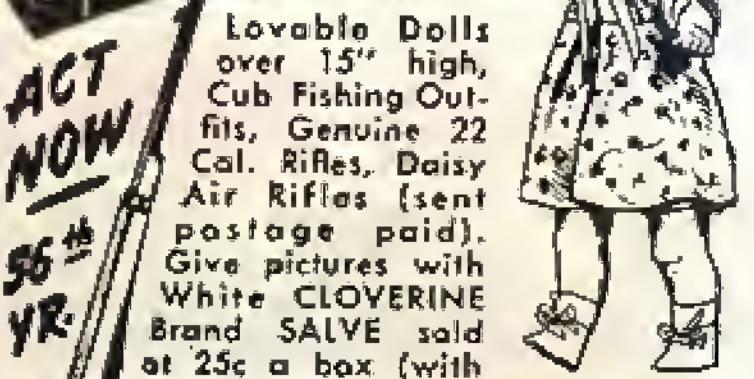
# GIVEN!

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### WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

**JIM and BETTY FIND A NEW "TREASURE"**



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Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

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PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today



# DANNY DANGER

"IT ALL STARTED WITH AN EYE-CATCHING PICTURE IN SPORTS WEEKLY!"

YESSIR, EMMY... THE OLD DANNY DANGER TOUCH GETS RESULTS

JEAN HASTINGS... SHE SEEMS TO BE QUITE A KEFTY DISH, DANNY... WHAT'S HER RACKET?

EVEN BY MAIL! I'VE SENT THIS CHICK A FEW FAN LETTERS... AND NOW I'M ALL LINED UP TO MEET HER TRAIN WHEN SHE ARRIVES IN TOWN TOMORROW FROM LOS ANGELES!

SWIMMING... GOLF... WHO CARES? JUST MAKE SURE YOU GET ME A BIG RED CARNATION IN THE MORNING... BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT THIS KING-SIZED CUTIE IS GOING TO BE LOOKING FOR!



"AS I LEARNED LATER... THINGS WERE SHAPING UP FAST EVEN THEN!"

HEY... YOU SEE THIS ITEM ON THE SPORTS PAGE? THAT'S SOMETHING KNUCKLES BETTER KNOW ABOUT!

YEAH! IT'S A TOUCHY SUBJECT... THE VERY DAY THE BOSS PICKED TO SLAP DOWN STEVE DOLAN!



"ASK ANYONE AROUND TIMES SQUARE ABOUT DANNY DANGER, AND THEY'LL TELL YOU I'M USUALLY INVOLVED WITH EITHER GIRLS OR GUNMEN... AND THAT COMBINATION MEANS DYNAMITE IN ANYBODY'S LANGUAGE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE TO REALIZE THERE'S USUALLY A GIRL AND A QUICK-TRIGGERED HOOD AT THE BOTTOM OF EVERY CRIME... BUT IT TAKES SOMEONE LIKE ME TO RUN INTO THE TYPES YOU'RE GOING TO READ ABOUT... MIXED UP IN A CASE THAT RANGED EVERYWHERE BETWEEN HORSELAUGHS AND HOMICIDE!"



"THE MASKED MAULER, LIVELY WEST COAST WRESTLER WHO HAS NEVER LOST A MATCH, IS ARRIVING IN NEW YORK TOMORROW ON THE SARSHINE LIMITED---READY TO MEET ALL COMERS!"

LOOKS PRETTY BAD FOR US, KNUCKLES!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING! IT'S TAKEN ME SIX YEARS TO SET UP WRESTLING AND GAMBLING IN THIS TOWN---SO WE COULD FAKE EACH MATCH ACCORDING TO THE WAY THE BETS ARE GOING, AND CLEAN UP! BUT BRING IN AN OUTSIDER WHO'S NEVER LOST---AND WE'LL LOSE OUR SHIRTS!

I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, BOSS! THIS HERE MASKED MAULER HAS NEVER WRESTLED IN NEW YORK---RIGHT? AND SINCE HE WEARS A MASK ANYWAY---WHO'D RECOGNIZE HIM?

YEAH---WHY NOT PUT THE SNATCH ON HIM, AND SUBSTITUTE ONE OF OUR OWN STUMBLEBUMS---WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO THROW THE MATCH? THE MASKED MAULER'S GOT ENOUGH OF A BUILD-UP TO BE A HEAVY FAVORITE---I'D GET UP TO FOUR TO ONE ON MY MONEY---AND BREAK EVERY BOOKIE IN TOWN!

OH--- YOU'RE HERE! WELL---DID YOU GIVE STEVE DOLAN THE BUSINESS?

BUT BEAUTIFUL! HE'LL BE IN THE HOSPITAL FOR AT LEAST THREE WEEKS, KNUCKLES!

THAT'LL TEACH THESE SMALL-TIME PROMOTERS THEY CAN'T ARRANGE MATCHES IN THIS BURG WITHOUT MY SAY-SO! JUST TO SHOW DOLAN I'M STILL WILLING TO TALK TURKEY, DROP AROUND AT THE FLORIST'S TOMORROW AND SEND HIM A FANCY BOUQUET---AND THEN I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT NEEDS HANDLING AT THE RAILROAD TERMINAL!

"WHEN I LOOK BACK ON THE CASE---I REALIZE THIS IS HOW THE MIX-UP BEGAN!"

LET'S SEE, NOW---YOU WANT THIS SENT TO STEVE DOLAN---MID-TOWN HOSPITAL!

RIGHT! AND PUT A CARD ON IT---READING "NO HARD FEELINGS---KNUCKLES SWEENEY!"  
MMM---GUESS I'LL HELP MYSELF TO A RED CARNATION!

I KINDA FELT IT WAS A COMEDOWN---BEATIN' UP AN UNKNOWN LIKE STEVE DOLAN! WHO'S HE MANAGE, RED?

JUST A STRING OF SECOND-FIDDLE PALOOKAS! AND COME TO THINK OF IT---I NEVER HEARD OF THIS MASKED MAULER WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GRAB AT GRAND CENTRAL, EITHER!



"WHILE ALL THIS WAS HAPPENING...I WAS GETTING READY FOR MY OWN DATE AT GRAND CENTRAL!"

THIS LETTER JUST CAME SPECIAL DELIVERY, DANNY! SOMEONE'S GOT AN URGENT YEN TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT STEVE DOLAN ASSAULT CASE!

NO DICE...I'M MEETING JEAN HASTINGS IN FIFTEEN MINUTES! INSPECTOR GRAVEL'S BEEN INVESTIGATING CROOKED SPORTS EVENTS FOR OVER A YEAR NOW... LET HIM HANDLE IT!



AND WHAT ABOUT HER, DANNY? SHE'S THE GIRL WHO SENT THE LETTER...AND HER PICTURE...ALONG WITH IT!

YOU MEAN SHE WANTS TO SEE ME ABOUT STEVE DOLAN? OH, BROTHER... WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY THIS WAS BUSINESS?



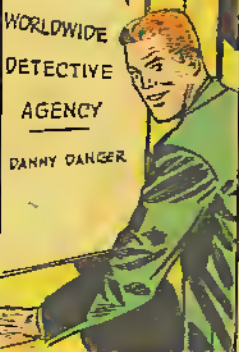
NORMA WAYNE...650 HAMPTON ROAD! IT'S CLEAR ACROSS TOWN...BUT I'D CRAWL THERE OVER BROKEN BEER BOTTLES!

YOU **SHOULD** CRAWL, YOU LOW-LIFE! WHO'S GOING TO MEET JEAN AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION?



I'VE GOT FRIENDS, HAVEN'T I? PHONE GRAVEL AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...AND TELL HIM TO KEEP JEAN INTERESTED UNTIL I SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

WORLDWIDE  
DETECTIVE  
AGENCY  
DANNY DANGER



"SO YOU SEE...I MEANT TO BE ON HAND WHEN THE SUNSHINE LIMITED PULLED INTO THE STATION...AND I **SHOULD** HAVE BEEN...BUT I WASN'T!"

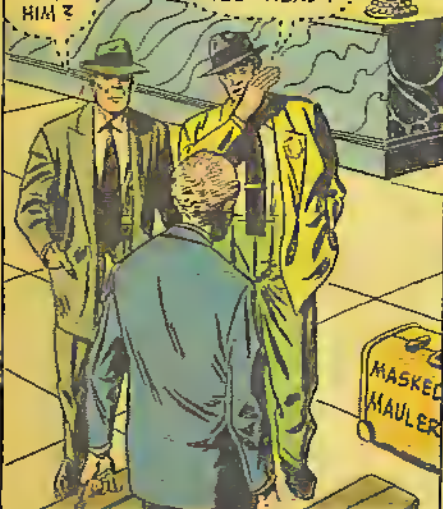
THERE'S THAT CHARACTER WITH THE RED CARNATION, JEAN...AND WHAT AN APE! YOU OUGHT TO **KNOW** HOW BLIND DATES TURN OUT!

DANNY DANGER MAY NOT **LOOK** LIKE MUCH...BUT HIS LETTERS TOLD HE'S A VERY INTERESTING TYPE! GET THE BAGS OUT, HANK... WHILE I POWDER MY NOSE AND TIP THE PORTER!



IS THAT HIM?

SURE...CAN'T YOU READ?



WE'VE GOT A CAR WAITING, CHAMP!

KEEP WALKING, SEE...OR WE'RE GONNA MESS UP THIS NICE MARBLE FLOOR!



"WHEN YOU REMEMBER THAT I'M THE ONE WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET JEAN WITH A RED CARNATION...IT'S EASY TO SEE WHAT SHE THOUGHT!"

GOOD HEAVENS...**NANK!** DANNY DANGER AND THAT OTHER THUG ARE TAKING HIM OFF AT GUN POINT... **THEY'RE KIDNAPERS!**





**"MY FRIEND, INSPECTOR GRAVEL OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, HAS A FLAIR FOR SHOWING UP AT THE WRONG TIME...AND THIS IS AN EXAMPLE!"**

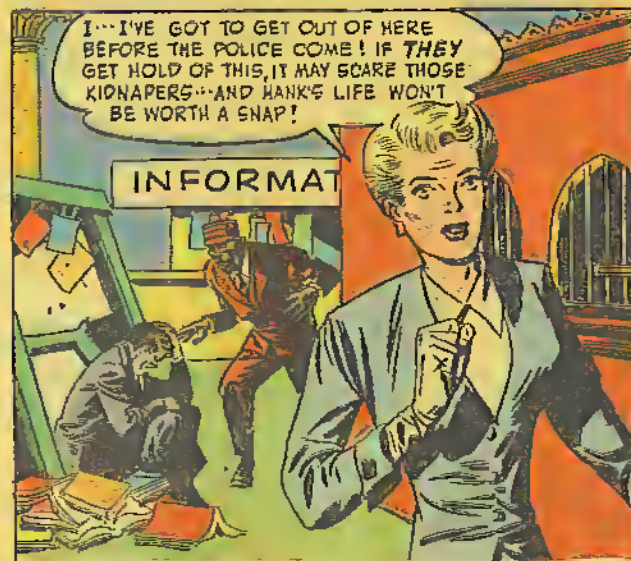
**HOLD IT, TALL AND TORCHY! ARE YOU JEAN HASTINGS?**

**YES! WHO ARE YOU?**

**DON'T WORRY YOUR LITTLE HEAD, HONEY...I'M NOT AS TOUGH AS I LOOK! **DANNY DANGER** SENT ME AROUND TO PICK YOU UP!**

**OH HE DID, DID HE?**

**YOU CAN TELL DANNY DANGER THIS IS THE WAY I HANDLE KIDNAPERS!**



**"HAVING AGREED TO MEET JEAN AS A FAVOR TO ME... YOU CAN UNDERSTAND INSPECTOR GRAVEL'S FEELINGS!"**

**OKAY, GRAVEL! SOME DAY YOU'RE GOING TO A PLACE WHERE ALL GOOD COPS WIND UP...AND YOU'RE GOING TO SPEND ETERNITY KNOCKING THE TAR OUT OF DANNY DANGER WITH A PIECE OF RUBBER HOSE!**





AS USUAL...MY PICKLE-PUSSIED SECRETARY TOOK THE RAP FOR MY MISTAKE!"

LOOK, EMMA...WHAT KIND OF BUM STEER DID YOU GIVE ME WITH THIS CRAZY HASTINGS DAME? AND WHERE'S THAT NO-GOOD DANGER?

I HAVEN'T THE DIMMEST IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, INSPECTOR! AS FOR DANNY--HE HAPPENS TO BE TIED UP WITH THE STEVE DOLAN CASE!

STEVE DOLAN, HUH? THE HEAD NURSE TOLD ME HE WAS IN NO SHAPE FOR QUESTIONING WHEN I DROPPED AROUND AT THE HOSPITAL THIS MORNING... BUT I'M GOING TO GUMSHOE BACK AND GET THE LOWDOWN ON THIS BUSINESS!

MEANWHILE, FAR FROM THE STORM AND STRIFE...I WAS GETTING MY OWN LOWDOWN!

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, NORMA! YOU SAY YOU'RE AFRAID OF A BIG-TIME RACKETEER BECAUSE HE THREATENS TO TAKE OVER STEVE DOLAN'S STRING OF WRESTLERS... BUT JUST WHERE DO YOU FIGURE?

RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE, DANNY! YOU SEE...I HAPPEN TO BE ONE OF STEVE'S WRESTLERS!

HUH?

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? ALL RIGHT, HERE'S THE CONTRACT FOR MY NEXT MATCH...WHEN I MEET THE MASKED MAULER!

YOU KNOW...THERE WAS THE FUNNIEST MISPRINT ABOUT HER IN YESTERDAY'S PAPER! THEY CALLED HER A "LIVELY WEST COAST WRESTLER" INSTEAD OF LOVELY... BUT I GUESS YOU COULD USE BOTH WORDS TO DESCRIBE A GOOD SPORT LIKE JEAN HASTINGS!

JEAN HASTINGS! OH-H, NO...HONEY, DON'T SAY THAT!

WHY, DANNY...THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH WRESTLING! JEAN'S A SWEETHEART!

SURE...BUT THOSE RACKETEERS MAYBE AFTER HER, TOO! IT'S A GOOD THING SHE'S WITH INSPECTOR GRAVEL...BUT IT'S ABOUT TIME I TOOK HER OFF HIS HANDS! MEANWHILE, NORMA...YOU'D BETTER STICK AROUND STEVE DOLAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM UNTIL I CAN FIX IT WITH GRAVEL TO POST A GUARD!

I THOUGHT I HAD TROUBLES WHEN I HOT-FOOTED BACK TO MY OFFICE--LITTLE REALIZING WHAT HAD HAPPENED...OR WHAT WAS READY TO HAPPEN!

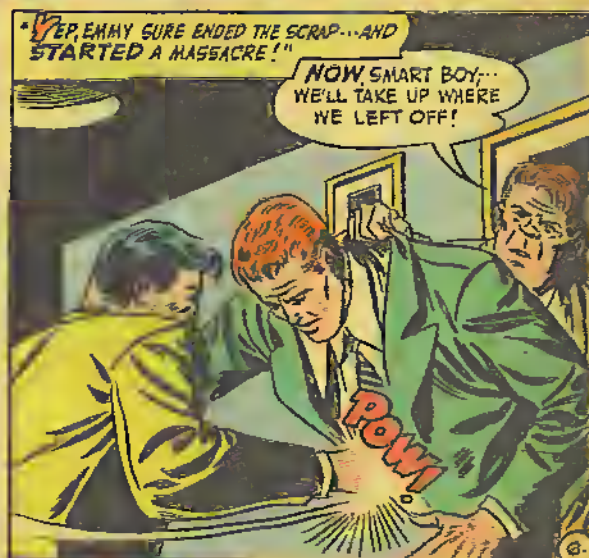
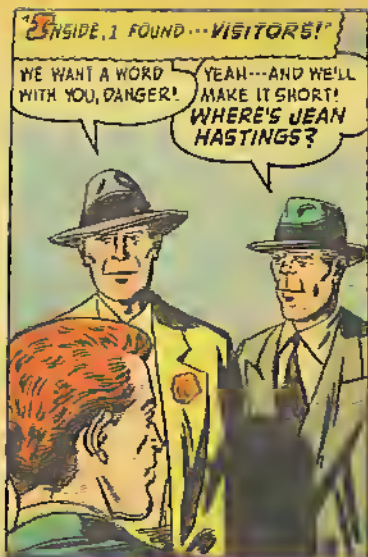
JEAN'S GOTTA BE HERE --GRAVEL WOULDN'T TWO-TIME ME! BUT IF SHE ISN'T...HOW'LL I FIND HER?

WORLDWIDE  
DETECTIVE  
AGENCY

DANNY DOLAN

JONES  
& CO







"BEING A PRIVATE EYE HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS...AND RIGHT THEN, I WAS DEFINITELY DOWN!"

BEFORE WE LEAVE, DANGER...WE WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU UNDERSTAND OUR POINT OF VIEW!

I'M OKAY, EMMY! CALM DOWN...AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET GRAVEL AT HEADQUARTERS!

I DON'T THINK THAT'S SUCH A HOT IDEA, DANNY! HE PHONED A HALF-HOUR AGO...SQUAWKING ABOUT THE PASTING AROUND NE GOT FROM THAT GIRL YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET AT GRAND CENTRAL!

SOMETHING WENT HAYWIRE! LOOK, EMMY...YOU'VE GOTTA SPEAK TO GRAVEL AND SQUARE THINGS FOR ME...BEFORE HE GETS THE IDEA I DID IT FOR LAUGHS! THAT'D BE BAD...BECAUSE IT BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE A CASE WE'VE GOT TO WORK TOGETHER ON!



YOU'RE QUITE A CASE YOURSELF! YOU EXPECT TO GET TO FIRST BASE WITH JEAN HAGTINGS LOOKING LIKE THAT?

THANK GOSH THERE'S NO CHANCE OF RUNNING INTO HER UNTIL YOU'VE SMOOTHED THINGS OVER WITH GRAVEL! THAT'LL GIVE ME AN HOUR OR SO TO FREQUEN UP ON A MASSAGE TABLE!



"IMAGINE HOPING I COULD SQUARE THINGS WITH GRAVEL... WHEN AT THAT VERY MOMENT..."

HOPE THE HEAD NURSE DOESN'T SPOT ME BEFORE I HAVE A WORD WITH STEVE COLAN!



STEVE...I DIDN'T DO SO HOT THE FIRST TIME...BUT NOW I WANT TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

OH, GOOD HEAVENS...HE MUST BE A THUG, READY TO GIVE STEVE ANOTHER WORKING OVER! I WON'T LET HIM DO IT!



ONE OF KNUCKLES SWEENEY'S MOB, EH? YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE!

HEY!







WOOOIE... I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY DRAG IN ANOTHER COT FOR ME!

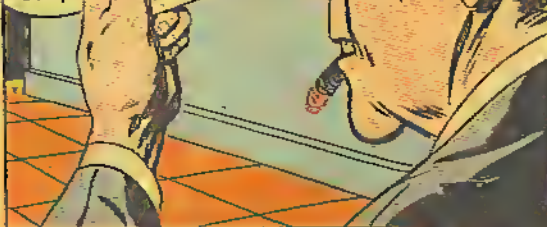


THAT'S THE **SECOND** BIG AND BALMY BABE I'VE TANGLED WITH TODAY! I GOT THE **FIRST** ONE SICKED ON ME BY DANNY DANGER... BUT WHO'S THIS?



THEN... THE INSPECTOR TOOK A GANDER AT THE CARD HE SNATCHED UP WHEN THE BOUQUET FELL!

**KNUCKLES SWEENEY!** DANGER WOULDN'T BE CHUMP ENOUGH TO WORK WITH A SMOOTH OPERATOR LIKE HIM... A BIG SHOT WHO'S MANAGED TO SLIDE OUT OF SEVERAL MURDER RAPS! ON THE OTHER HAND, DANGER SEEMS TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE DOLAN CASE... SO IT WON'T HURT TO DO A LITTLE CHECKING AT SWEENEY'S NORTH SIDE GYM!



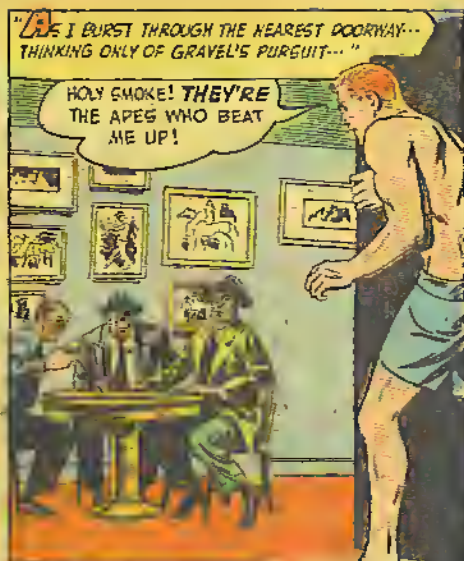
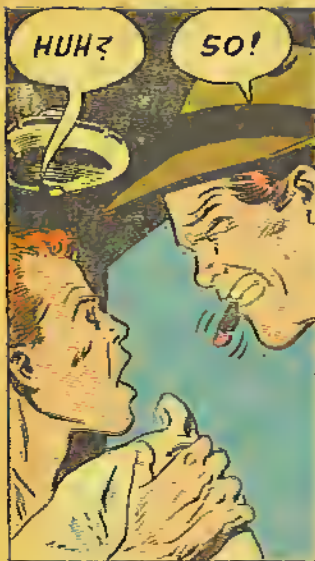
**"MINUTES LATER, I WAS STRETCHED OUT ON A MASSAGE TABLE... BRUSHING ASIDE A HORRIBLE THOUGHT!"**

FUNNY HOW THOSE HEAVY FOOTSTEPS PUT ME IN MIND OF GRAVEL... AS IF THAT BIG BABOON WOULD EVER EXERT HIMSELF IN A GYM!

I COULD ALMOST SWEAR THAT'S DANGER... BUT NO, SUCH LUCK!









**"A FEW MORE HAYMAKERS... AND THINGS STARTED TO MAKE SENSE!"**

YOU MEAN KNUCKLES SWEENEY PUT YOU UP TO KIDNAPING JEANS TRAINER... THINKING HE WAS THE MARKED MAULER?

THAT'S IT! AFTER HE LET ON SHE WAS A GIRL, KNUCKLES FIGURED YOU'D BEEN HIRED TO PROTECT HER... AFTER HE FOUND A LETTER IN HER SUITCASE, SAYING YOU'D MEET THE TRAIN! WE'VE GOT HER TRAINER UP AT KNUCKLES' CAMP AT WIGWAM LAKE!

YOU BEGINNING TO CATCH ON, GRAVEL? KNUCKLES SWEENEY IS THE ONE BEHIND ALL THIS... AND IT STARTED WITH THE BEATING HIS BRUISERS HANDED OUT TO STEVE DOLAN!

DRAW THOSE FUNKS TO THE LOCKUP, FLANAGAN! "DANGER AND I AM TAKING A TRIP TO WIGWAM LAKE... AND RUNNING IN KNUCKLES AND HIS ENTIRE STABLE OF CROOKED WRESTLERS!"

**"SO, AS USUAL WHEN THERE'S A TOUGH JOB AHEAD... GRAVEL AND I TEAMED UP!"**

HOW COME YOU ALWAYS DO THINGS THE **HARD** WAY, INSPECTOR? WHY'D YOU WAIT UNTIL **NOW** TO PUT THE PINCH ON KNUCKLES... WHEN IT MIGHT MEAN FIGHTING OUR WAY THROUGH SEVERAL THOUSAND POUNDS OF MAT-HARDENED MUSCLE?

BECAUSE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO BUILD UP A CASE AGAINST HIM... THAT'S WHY! THIS ASSAULT AND KIDNAPING RAP ISN'T EXACTLY WHAT I HOPED FOR... BUT IT'LL STICK!

**"IT SEEMED LIKE A CLEAR-CUT SHOWDOWN... BUT I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT JEAN AND NORMA!"**

YOU'VE CONVINCED ME THAT DANNY DANGER WASN'T ONE OF THE MEN WHO GEARBEED HANK, NORMA... BUT WHO DID?

IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD TO WORRY! LET'S STICK TOGETHER AND HOPE FOR THE BEST, JEAN... SOMETHING'S BOUND TO TIEN UP!

WERE YOU CALLING THIS NUMBER, OPERATOR?

HOLD THE WIRE, PLEASE... THERE'S A LONG DISTANCE CALL FROM WIGWAM LAKE!

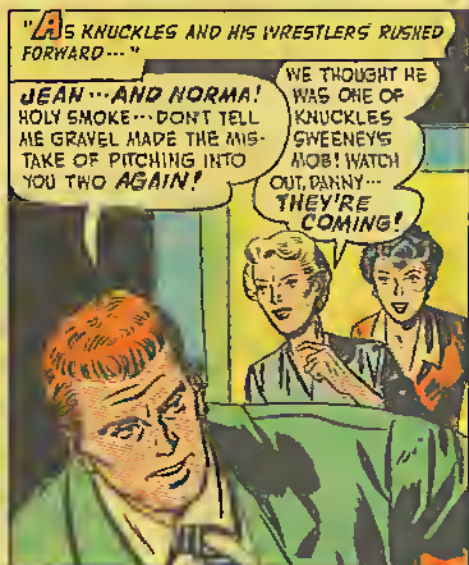
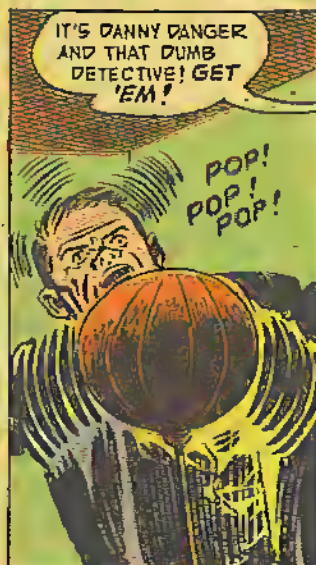
**"AN HOUR LATER... AS GRAVEL AND I PROWLED TOWARD KNUCKLES' TRAINING CAMP..."**

CLIMB OFF YOUR DREAMBOAT, SWEENEY! YOU KIDNAPED ME BY MISTAKE... BUT THAT'S NOTHING TO THE MISTAKE YOU'LL BE MAKING IF YOU THINK YOU CAN FORCE JEAN AND NORMA INTO A **CROOKED MATCH!**

THEY'VE GOT HIM IN THERE, INSPECTOR!

LISTEN, BUD... EITHER THOSE GIRLS PLAY BALL, OR YOU'LL BE PLAYING A HARP! I BUMPED OFF STRANGLER SCHULTZ AND BEARHEAD LONERGAN FOR HOLDING OUT ON ME... SO YOU'D BETTER PRAY I GET RESULTS, SEE?









YOU BIG FREAK...JUST  
BE HAPPY I'M NOT WEAR-  
ING MY RING  
COSTUME!

THAT'S SOMETHING  
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO  
WEAR AGAIN, SISTER  
...UNLESS THEY  
BURY YOU IN IT!



HOLD IT, RAT...YOU'RE  
ALREADY GOT ENOUGH  
MURDERS TO SEND  
YOU TO THE HOT  
SEAT!



"BY THE TIME INSPECTOR GRAVEL LURCHED TO  
HIS FEET...THE GIRLS AND I HAD THINGS PRETTY  
WELL SERVED UP!"

YEAH...I FIRED THE GUNS  
TO COME UP TO WINGMAN LAVE!  
I HAD A DEAL COOKED UP...I'D  
RELEASE HANK, AND LAY OFF  
STEVE DOLAN...IF THEY'D  
AGREE TO A CROOKED  
MATCH!

YOU'VE MADE ONE  
DEAL TOO  
MAIN, BIG  
GUY...AND  
THIS ONE'S  
TAKING YOU  
STRAIGHT TO  
SING SING!



"A WEEK LATER...AT A DOWNTOWN  
SPORTS ARENA..."

WOW! WHAT CAN I  
DO HOLY...BUT  
WISH BOTH OF  
YOU LUCK!

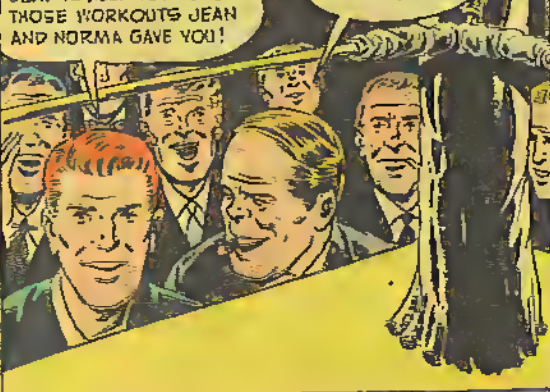
YEAH...AND I'M  
TALKING STRICTLY  
FROM EXPERIENCE  
WHEN I SAY THEY'LL  
BOTH NEED  
IT!



"YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT THAT RING WAS LIKE...WHEN JEAN  
AND NORMA SQUARED OFF!"

TERRIFIC...AREN'T THEY?  
AND DON'T FORGET, GRAVEL...I  
STAKED YOU TO A RINGSIDE  
SEAT TO HELP YOU FORGET  
THOSE WORKOUTS JEAN  
AND NORMA GAVE YOU!

SKIP IT, DANNY!  
MISTAKES WILL  
HAPPEN...BUT  
THIS SQUARES  
THINGS, PAL!



FOR A THRILL A SECOND...KEEP A  
DATE WITH DANGER...IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE!



# the "POPSICLE" TWINS HELP THE SHERIFF

TESS AND TIM CAPTURE  
THE BANK ROBBERS

THIS  
"POPSICLE"  
CANDID CAMERA'S  
A HONEY!

TIM—  
THOSE  
MEN!

BANK  
ROBBERS!

LONE CITY BANK

I GOT  
'EM IN MY  
VIEWFINDER!

WE'LL GET IT  
DEVELOPED  
AT THE  
DRUGSTORE!

HERE'S A  
PICTURE OF  
THOSE BANK  
ROBBERS!

WHY, THEY'RE  
HOLDING THOSE  
VARMINTS AT  
DEADWOOD--  
KIDS, YOU GOT YOUR  
SELF A REWARD!

YOU TWINS  
WON AN  
EXCITING  
REWARD!

YOU CAN  
GET LOTS OF  
REWARDING  
GIFTS BY SAY-  
ING "POPSICLE"  
BAGS WITH THE  
POLKA DOTS!

Popsicle Pete

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# Louisiana FIRECRACKER

IT WAS ALMOST dark by the time Billy's father had finished cutting down the small evergreen that was to serve as a Christmas tree, and Billy had begun to shiver in the damp December night air. "C-come on, dad! L-let's start carrying the t-tree home. I'm c-cold."

Mr. Preston smiled at his eight-year old son's chattering teeth. "Didn't know Louisiana winters could be this cold, did you, son? Well, it's at least a two mile walk back to the house." Let's build a fire and get warmed up a bit before we start back. I'll build a hot fire with these pine knots while you start cutting down some of those bamboo canes for fuel."

Glad to be moving and keeping warm once again, Billy hastily cut down some of the tall, ten-foot canes that grew as straight as fence pickets in the thick stand nearby, and brought an armful back to the fire his father had built at the edge of the field.

"Say, dad," Billy said excitedly. "Remember what you taught me last winter about what you can do with bamboo joints and a fire on a cold day? Let's..."

"Let's see both of you get your hands up---fast!" a rough, snarling voice broke in from the darkness outside the circle of firelight.

Mr. Preston and Billy turned quickly and saw a dirty, unshaven, gimlet-eyed man step out from the darkness with a pistol in his hand. When Billy saw his striped prison uniform, he gasped, "Gosh, y...you must be the convict who escaped from the State Prison yesterday. I heard all about it on the radio this morning!"

"Shut up!" the man snarled. His pistol was aimed at Mr. Preston. "You--start takin' off your coat an' clothes. You're about my size--an' I'll have to git out of these prison duds to make a getaway. An' don't try any tricks--be-

cause I've already killed four guards, an' I've still got two bullets left!"

Mr. Preston shrugged, and started taking off his coat. "Put some of those bamboo canes on the fire, Billy," he said. "I'm going to be mighty cold in a few minutes."

"Yeah, make it plenty hot," the convict grinned. "Those swamps I hid in almost froze me to death."

A plan began forming in Billy's mind as he fed the fire. Taking one of the bamboo canes by the small end, he poked the bottom joint into the fire, pretending to stir it up. The convict had his back half-turned to Billy as he watched Mr. Preston, and the boy's heart leaped as he noticed his father observing the fire out of the corner of his eyes. Just as the joint began to shrivel and curl a little, Billy began lifting the bamboo out of the fire. Instantly, Mr. Preston pointed off into the darkness and said, "Listen---I heard someone moving out there!"

The convict turned his back completely on Billy, aiming his gun into the darkness--and in that moment, the boy hurled the burning bamboo joint with all his might into the cold night air. Instants later, a sharp explosion like the crack of a gun split the air from behind the convict, who whirled frantically and fired two shots in the direction of the noise.

But the next sound was Mr. Preston's fist smashing against the convict's jaw, knocking him out cold. And when the prisoner revived, only to find himself securely tied up, Mr. Preston grinned down at him and said, "There was no one out there---and that noise was no gun report. Billy just kept a bamboo cane in the fire until the sap was vaporized in the joint. Then, his suddenly hurling it into the cold air caused the cane to split with an exploding noise. You were just scared by a favorite form of Louisiana firecracker!"



# TYPHOON TYLER



THE EAST INDIES IS THE LAST GOLDEN OUTPOST OF ADVENTURE -- A SPRAWLING TROPICAL BACKDROP FOR THE INTRIGUE AND RIVALRY THAT TAKE SHAPE WHEN RESTLESS DRUMS THUD IN THE NIGHT! IT'S A WORLD OF UNTOLD WEALTH AND PULSE-QUICKENING SURPRISES -- AN ISLAND EMPIRE WHERE BEAUTY AND BANDITRY GO HAND IN HAND -- A DOMAIN THAT ONLY TYPHOON TYLER CAN CONQUER!

TYPHOON TYLER! IF THERE'S ANYONE WHO COULD FIND PEARLS, DEVILFISH -- IT'S HIM!

WE'LL FIND OUT! LET 'EM PASS -- AND LISTEN!



ANOTHER WASTED WEEK, TYPHOON -- AND ANOTHER PEARL BED THAT'S BEEN FISHED OUT CLEAN! IT'S THE SAME STORY THROUGHOUT THE INDIES -- NATIVE DIVERS SEEM TO BE GETTIN' 'EM, BUT WE CAN'T FIND ONE PEARL BEING TRADED ANYWHERE!

SEEMS I REMEMBER THE SAME THING HAPPENED ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO, CHARLIE -- AND I THINK I KNOW WHERE WE'LL FIND THE ANSWER! MY OLD FRIEND SERAT SINGH HAS A TRADING POST DOWN THE COAST -- AND HE'S BEEN HANDLING PEARLS HALF A LIFETIME!





AS TYPHOON AND CUTLASS CHARLIE  
CRUISE PAST --

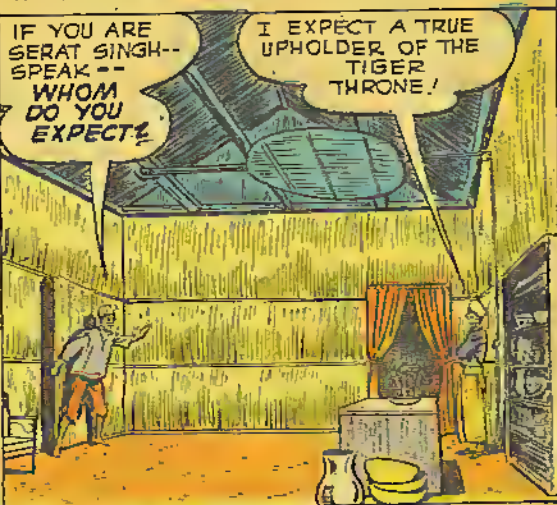


YES! AND SINCE WE HAVE A  
FASTER BOAT THAN TYPHOON-  
TYLER'S -- WOULDN'T IT BE  
FOOLISH OF US NOT TO GET  
THAT INFORMATION FOR  
OURSELVES?

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT -- AT A TRADING POST  
HACKED FROM THE COASTAL JUNGLE --

IF YOU ARE  
SERAT SINGH --  
SPEAK --  
WHOM  
DO YOU  
EXPECT?

I EXPECT A TRUE  
UPHOLDER OF THE  
TIGER  
THRONE!



THEN I  
BRING  
THESE,  
SERAT  
SINGH!

TELL YOUR PEOPLE  
THAT THEIR AN-  
CESTORS CAN BE  
HAPPY -- TELL THEM  
THAT SERAT SINGH  
IS HONORED BY  
HIS MISSION!

SUDDENLY --

VOICES! HIDE  
YOURSELF --  
THERE ARE  
FOREIGNERS  
COMING!



TRADE PROSPERS, DEVILFISH --  
MY PROFITS COMFORT MY  
OLD AGE -- BUT PEARLS!  
MAY ALLAH JUDGE ME IF  
I HAVE TRADED EVEN  
ONE THESE MANY  
MONTHS!

I'M NOT  
INTERESTED  
FOR MYSELF,  
UNDERSTAND!  
MY MOLUCCA  
PEARLING SYNDI-  
CATE HAS MAPPED  
MANY A SECRET  
OYSTER BED -- BUT  
I'D LIKE TO CLEAR THIS  
UP AND GIVE PRIVATE  
PEARLERS LIKE TY-  
PHOON TYLER A  
BREAK!



DEVILFISH RYAN!  
ENTER -- ENTER -- MY  
POOR ROOF IS  
YOUR SHELTER!

JUST  
THOUGHT I'D  
SEE HOW THINGS  
WERE GOING,  
SERAT SINGH!  
HOW'S TRADE?  
ANY PROFITS --  
ANY PEARLS?



TYPHOON TYLER IS A  
FRIEND OF MINE, TUAN --  
BUT NO -- NOT EVEN HE  
CAN BE TOLD!

BUT YOU DO  
KNOW, EH?







WHAT ABOUT THE PEARLS, SERAT, SINGH?

NOT-- EVEN-- TYPHOON TYLER!

YES -- BUT I'M DEVILFISH RYAN! I FIND OUT!



FOR THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES-- EACH GASPING WORD ADDED NEW VIVIDNESS TO AN INCREDIBLE STORY!

JAVANESE-- SUMATRANS-- MALAYS-- WE STILL BELIEVE IN THE **TIGER THRONE** THAT UNITED US IN AGES PAST! FOR TEN CENTURIES, OUR TRIBUTE TO EACH NEW RULER HAS BEEN THE SAME-- **HIS WEIGHT IN PEARLS!**

**PEARLS!** EVERY GENERATION FOR A THOUSAND YEARS! THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO FIGURE IT-- IT MEANS TEMPLES BURSTING WITH 'EM! **TONS OF PEARLS!**



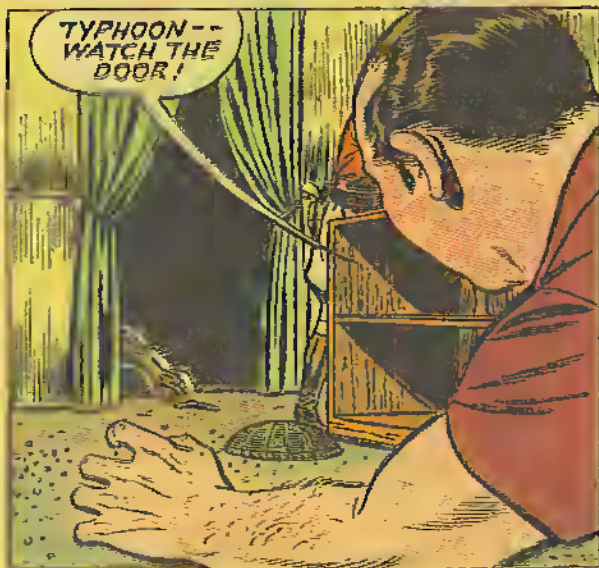
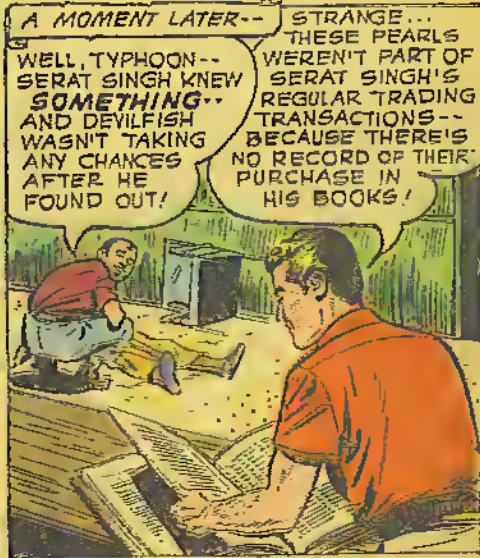
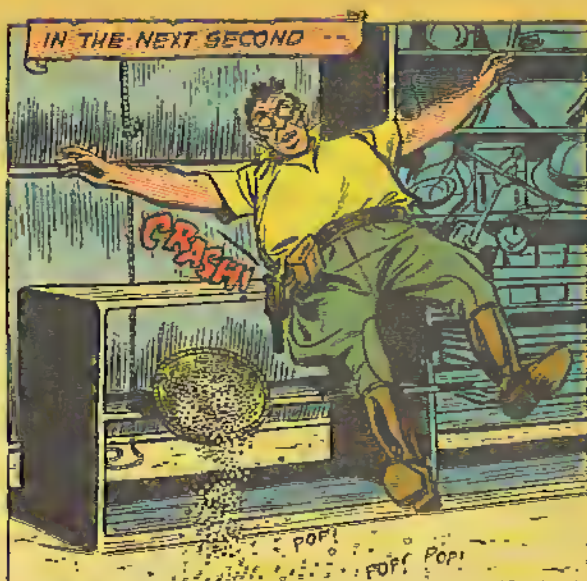
MATE, THAT'S SOMETHING I'M ALWAYS READY FOR!

BANG!



YES-- DEAD! NOT A VERY WISE TIME FOR YOU TO SHOW UP, MY FRIEND!







QUICKLY YANKING THE FAN'S CORD...

WAA!

THIS MANY PEARLS IS JUST THE LEAD I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! WHAT'S THE STORY?

WAIT, TUAN! THEY CHOSE ME. THEY TRUSTED ME WITH A SECRET THAT IS AGES OLD... AND I WOULD RATHER DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS THAN UTTER A SINGLE WORD!

THIS MANY PEARLS IS JUST THE LEAD I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! WHAT'S THE STORY?

WAIT, TUAN! THEY CHOSE ME. THEY TRUSTED ME WITH A SECRET THAT IS AGES OLD... AND I WOULD RATHER DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS THAN UTTER A SINGLE WORD!

BUT WHAT ABOUT DEVILFISH? SUPPOSE HE KNOWS-- WHAT GOOD WILL YOUR SECRET BE THEN?

DEVILFISH? TUAN, TONIGHT HE HAS DOOMED HIMSELF-- AS SURELY AS A KNIFE IN HIS HEART! I WILL WARN THEM-- THEY WILL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH DEVILFISH RYAN!

BUT WHAT ABOUT DEVILFISH? SUPPOSE HE KNOWS-- WHAT GOOD WILL YOUR SECRET BE THEN?

DEVILFISH? TUAN, TONIGHT HE HAS DOOMED HIMSELF-- AS SURELY AS A KNIFE IN HIS HEART! I WILL WARN THEM-- THEY WILL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH DEVILFISH RYAN!

I KNOW THE INDIES--  
I KNEW SERAT SINGH--  
AND I KNOW HOW TO  
JUDGE MEN! TAKE  
THE PEARLS!

YOU MAY NEVER  
KNOW WHAT THIS  
MEANS, TYPHOON  
TYLER! BUT MILLIONS  
WILL HEAR OF THIS--  
MILLIONS WILL SAY, "THIS  
WE EXPECTED OF HIM--  
BECAUSE HE IS A  
FRIEND!"

I KNOW THE INDIES--  
I KNEW SERAT SINGH--  
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TYLER! BUT MILLIONS  
WILL HEAR OF THIS--  
MILLIONS WILL SAY, "THIS  
WE EXPECTED OF HIM--  
BECAUSE HE IS A  
FRIEND!"

OKAY-- YOU TRUSTED HIM!  
BUT HERE YOU'VE GOT A  
FORTUNE IN PEARLS  
VANISHING INTO NOWHERE--  
AND JUST ABOUT EVERYONE  
IN THE INDIES WISE TO  
THE REASON! WHY  
AREN'T WE?

THINGS TAKE  
TIME HERE IN  
THE INDIES,  
CHARLIE!  
WE WILL  
KNOW!

OKAY-- YOU TRUSTED HIM!  
BUT HERE YOU'VE GOT A  
FORTUNE IN PEARLS  
VANISHING INTO NOWHERE--  
AND JUST ABOUT EVERYONE  
IN THE INDIES WISE TO  
THE REASON! WHY  
AREN'T WE?

THINGS TAKE  
TIME HERE IN  
THE INDIES,  
CHARLIE!  
WE WILL  
KNOW!

MEANWHILE-- ABOARD  
DEVIL FISH'S LAUNCH--

TOPERA! SURE, I'VE  
HEARD THE LEGEND THAT  
ITS RULERS ONCE HELD  
SWAY OVER THE ENTIRE  
INDIES -- BUT WHO'D  
BELIEVE IT'S HAVE  
YOU EVER HEARD  
OF A WHITE MAN  
GOING TO  
TOPERA?

NOT WITHOUT  
GUIDES-- BOATMEN--  
INTERPRETERS!  
WHAT WHITE MAN  
COULD GET TO  
TOPERA, DEVIL-  
FISH'S WHO'D  
LEAD THEM THERE--  
THE NATIVES --  
PEOPLE LIKE SERAT  
SINGH? THEY'RE  
NOT CRAZY!

MEANWHILE-- ABOARD  
DEVIL FISH'S LAUNCH--

TOPERA! SURE, I'VE  
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WHAT WHITE MAN  
COULD GET TO  
TOPERA, DEVIL-  
FISH'S WHO'D  
LEAD THEM THERE--  
THE NATIVES --  
PEOPLE LIKE SERAT  
SINGH? THEY'RE  
NOT CRAZY!



WE'LL FIND OUR WAY TO TOPERA-- AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT, I WANT TO MAKE SURE NO ONE **ELSE** DOES! NOW GET THIS-- I WANT YOU TO ROUND UP EVERY ONE OF OUR DIVERS FROM BATAVIA TO THE ARAFURA SEA-- EVERY STRANDED BLACKBIRDER AND EVERY BEACHCOMBER ABLE TO PACK A GUN! TELL 'EM DEVILFISH SENT YOU, AND TELL 'EM WHAT'S WAITING-- **MILE FOR MILE, THE RICHEST SPOT ON EARTH!**



A WEEK LATER-- ON A CORAL BEACH LOST IN A SOLITUDE OF SUN AND SEA--

HEAR 'EM? THE DRUMS SAY THE SULTAN JUST LEFT!

THEY'RE ALL GOING SOMEWHERE-- FROM WHAT I HEAR ALONG THE COAST! THE RAJAH OF BONKOR-- THE SULTAN OF KANDARANG-- HALF A DOZEN OTHERS! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WIND-- BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE TO US?



WAIT! THERE'S NO PEARLS HERE, MATE-- NO WRECKS, NO CONTRABAND-- NOTHING! WHAT'S DEVILFISH RYAN WANT **THIS** TIME?

**MEN!**

MEANWHILE-- THREE HUNDRED MILES AWAY--

QUIT BEEFING ABOUT DEVILFISH RYAN, CHARLIE! DON'T YOU THINK I WANT TO FIND HIM, TOO?

O.K.-- WHERE? DO YOU SEE ANY TRACE OF THAT SLAT-FACED SWAB AROUND HERE?



**SUDDENLY--**



IT'S A PEARL-- A BEAUTY! MY GOSH, TYPHOON-- WHERE'D IT COME FROM?



KNOW SOMETHING?

DRINK-- SAY NOTHING!







HOURS PASS-- HOURS SPANGLED WITH DAZED FLASHES OF BEING CARRIED-- THE SLOW PITCHING OF A NATIVE BOAT-- THE HALF-HEARD BABBLE OF A STRANGE LANGUAGE--



THEN-- IN THE GLITTER OF A FABULOUS SUNLIT HALL--





A MOMENT LATER--

WOW! GET AN EYEFUL, CHARLIE -- BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER SEE SO MANY SULTANS AND RAJAHS IN ONE PLACE AGAIN!



WE MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THE METHOD USED TO BRING YOU HERE, TYPHOON TYLER -- BUT SECRECY HAS BEEN OUR WATCHWORD! THE COURIER WE SENT TO SERAT SINGH HAS CONFIRMED OUR CONFIDENCE IN YOU -- AND YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR A MISSION NO OTHER MAN CAN ACCOMPLISH!



TYPHOON, LOOK AT 'EM! SOME OF 'EM AS BIG AS GRAPES -- THEY CAN'T BE REAL!

YES, THEY'RE PEARLS -- EXACTLY A HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS OF THEM!



IT MUST HAVE TAKEN A THOUSAND DIVERS MONTHS TO BRING UP A HOARD LIKE THIS! NO WONDER HARDLY ANY PEARLS WERE BEING TRADED THROUGHOUT THE INDIES!

THAT IS OUR TRIBUTE TO THE NEW RULER OF THE TIGER THRONE -- AND TRADITION DECREES THAT IT BE DELIVERED BY TWO OF US REIGNING PRINCES, CHOSEN BY LOT! BUT THERE IS TALK OF VIOLENCE AND SCHEMING BY DEVILFISH RYAN -- AND OUR PEOPLE WILL NOT LET US RISK OUR LIVES! WILL YOU RISK YOURS, TYPHOON TYLER?



SURE -- IF YOU'RE READY TO RISK A SECRET! WHERE IS THE TIGER THRONE?

THEN -- AS A MURDEROUS VOLLEY SWEEPS THE ENTIRE COURTYARD --



CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT



# "U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"BEATING THE  
BEACH BARRAGE"



U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB BOYS WATCH FROM A SAFE DISTANCE AS A GROUP OF NAVY DESTROYERS AND CRUISERS STEAM IN FOR FIRING PRACTICE...



IN A FEW MOMENTS NOW, THE SHIPS WILL MOVE IN AT PLANK SPEED AND LAY DOWN A BARRAGE ON THAT DESERTED SNORE...

BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH HIS GLASSES, ROYAL SEES THAT THE SNORE IS NOT QUITE DESERTED!



YOU FELLAS BIKE BACK TO THE NAVAL STATION FAST AND GET THEM TO WARN THOSE SHIPS! I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID IN THE MEANTIME...



WITH SUPER JET-SPEED, ROYAL STREAKS DOWN TO THE TARGET AREA AND --



PHEWW! LUCKY FOR US I MADE IT, JUNIOR-- 'CAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS WERE TOO LATE!



JUST AS WE GOT TO THE RADIO-ROOM, WE HEARD THE FIRST SALVO!



YOU DID ALL RIGHT, BOYS... AND A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY WAS AVOIDED-- THANKS TO ROYAL!

ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU MEAN... THAT'S WHERE THE SPEED CAME IN!



FELLAS, FOR REAL SPEED, YOU WANT A TIRE THAT COMBINES SAFETY AND EASY PEDALING. TRY U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. THERE'S EXTRA MILEAGE IN THEM, TOO!



SPLIT-SECOND STOPS... FIRM FOOTING... AND PERFECT CONTROL ARE AT YOUR FOOT-TIPS WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. BE SURE YOUR NEXT TIRES ARE ROYALS!

## U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of  
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

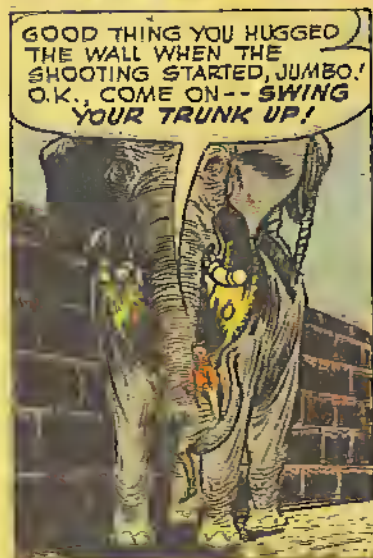




WAIT UNTIL TYphoon TYLER AND HIS FAT FRIEND TRY TO MAKE A BREAK -- AND THEN RIDDLE THEM!



KEEP DRAWING THAT RAT'S FIRE, CHARLIE-- I'M GOING AFTER HIM!



GOOD THING YOU HUGGED THE WALL WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTED, JUMBO! O.K., COME ON-- SWING YOUR TRUNK UP!



HIT THE DECK, CHUM-- THERE'S A LOT WE WANT TO FIND OUT!



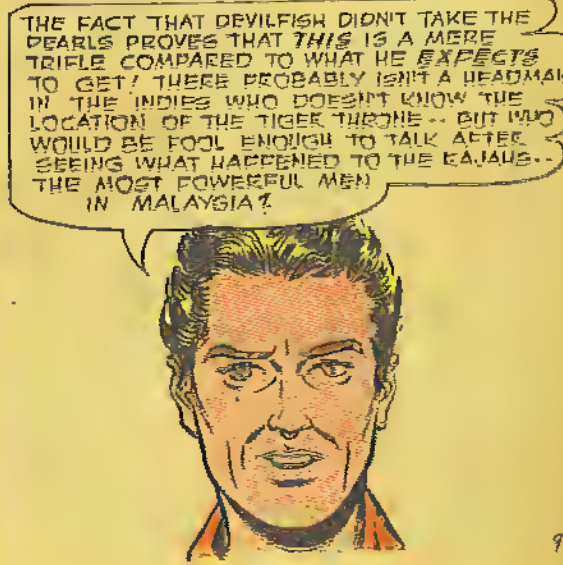
BUT AS THE ACCOMPLICE PLUMMETS TOWARD ONE OF THE MURDERED GUARDS--

YAAAGH!



THAT MAKES A CLEAN SWEEP, CHARLIE! DEVILFISH'S MAN-- THE RAJAHS--THE GUARDS-- THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

NICE, HUH? A COOL TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF BAUBLES FOR THE TIGER THRONE -- AND NOT A HINT ABOUT WHERE TO FIND IT!



THE FACT THAT DEVILFISH DIDN'T TAKE THE PEARLS PROVES THAT THIS IS A MERE TRIFLE COMPARED TO WHAT HE EXPECTS TO GET! THERE PROBABLY ISN'T A HEADMAN IN THE INDIES WHO DOESN'T KNOW THE LOCATION OF THE TIGER THRONE -- BUT WHO WOULD BE FOOL ENOUGH TO TALK AFTER SEEING WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RAJAHS-- THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN MALAYSIA?



WHAT ABOUT THOSE COSTUMES, TYPHOON? THEY'RE NOT ONLY WORTH A MINT-- BUT THEY'RE PROBABLY TRADITIONAL OUTFITS THE NEW RAJAHS WILL NEED WHEN THEY TAKE OVER!

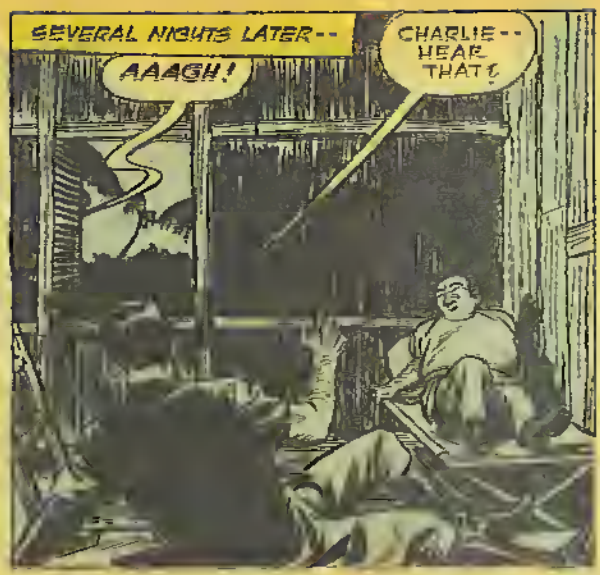
CHECK! I'LL SEE THAT WE GET THEM AT THE FUNERAL RITES!



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER--

AAAGH!

CHARLIE-- HEAR THAT?



ARRGH!

SOMEONE'S GETTING THE BUSINESS -- BUT GOOD!

WE'D BETTER GO THIS WAY-- MIGHT BE A TRAP!



RECOGNIZE 'EM? DEVILFISH'S MEN!

O.K.-- LET'S TAKE 'EM!



WITH THE ACCOMPLICES MOMENTARILY BEATEN, BACK--

YE GODS, TYPHOON-- THEY'VE GIVEN THIS POOR DEVIL SOME BEATING!





HAH! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK OR WRITE **NOW!** DEVILFISH TOLD US TO TAKE NO CHANCES WHEN WE INTERCEPTED THIS MESSENGER FROM THE TIGER THRONE, TYPHOON!



MAYBE HE SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU ABOUT **US, RAT!**



**DAYS PASS -- WITH TYPHOON TENDING DEVILFISH'S MUTE AND HELPLESS VICTIM --**

THE TIGER THRONE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE, TYPHOON! WHEREVER IT IS, DEVILFISH MUST BE THERE BY NOW-- AND HE'S STAKED OUT HIS CLAIM IN **BLOOD!**

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY THIS POOR DEVIL KEEPS LOOKING AT HIS SHIRT! HE'S BEEN STARING HOUR AFTER HOUR, CHARLIE-- AS IF HE'S TRYING TO GET SOMETHING ACROSS TO US!



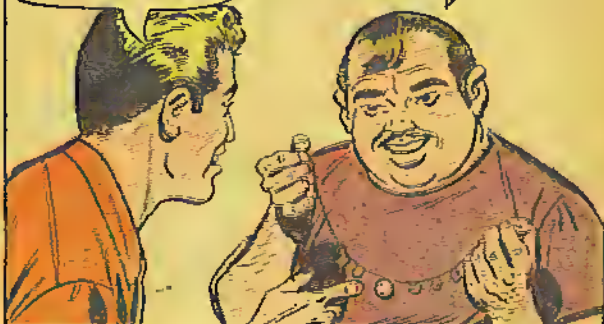
**THEN-- FOLLOWING THE NATIVE'S SILENT GAZE --**

GREAT GUNS-- **HERE'S** WHAT HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR US TO FIND!



I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH, CHARLIE! ROCKS LIKE THESE DESERVE TO BE MOUNTED IN GOLD-- UNLESS THEY'RE NOT MEANT AS JEWELRY-- **UNLESS THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO CONVEY A MESSAGE!**

COULD BE-- BUT WHAT'S THE ANGLE! YOU'VE GOT A TOPAZ, AN OPAL, AND A BIG PEARL -- AN EMERALD, A RUBY, AND AN AMETHYST! IT DOESN'T ADD UP!



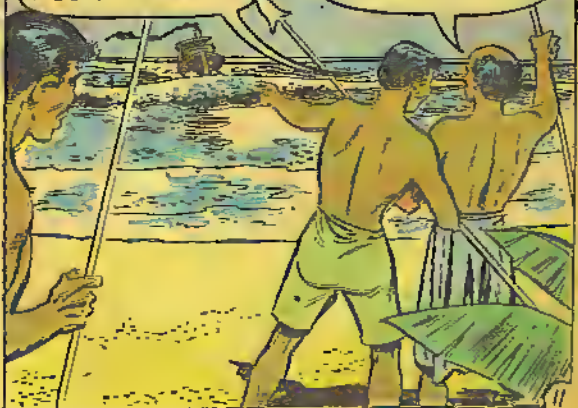
NOPE-- BUT IT SPELLS! T FOR TOPAZ-- GET IT? -- **O, P, E, R, A!** THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND THE TIGER THRONE, CHUM, IN **TOPERA!**



**TWO DAYS LATER-- ON A REMOTE BEACH IN THE MOLUCCAS--**

THEY ARE STRANGERS! OUR PEOPLE SAIL IN CANOES AND OUTRIGGERS!

TOPERA MAY BE CONQUERED-- BUT **THESE WHITE MEN** WILL DIE!





THEN-- AS THE LAUNCH  
GROUNDS IN THE SURF--

LOOK! THE GREAT ONES  
HAVE COME TO TOPERA!



AS THE EXCITED NATIVES  
SWARM FROM THEIR  
SHACKS--

NEVER AGAIN WILL WE  
TRUST A FOREIGNER--NOT  
EVEN TYPHOON TYLER! BUT  
OUR OWN LEADERS ARE  
HERE--NOW DEVILFISH  
RYAN WILL SEE HOW WE  
CAN FIGHT!



SOON AFTERWARD-- IN THE  
GLITTERING PALACE OF THE  
TIGER THRONE--

A HUNDRED  
AND TWENTY  
POUNDS OF  
PEARLS-- I  
MIGHT HAVE  
GUESSED  
I'D WIND  
UP WITH A  
BRIDE!

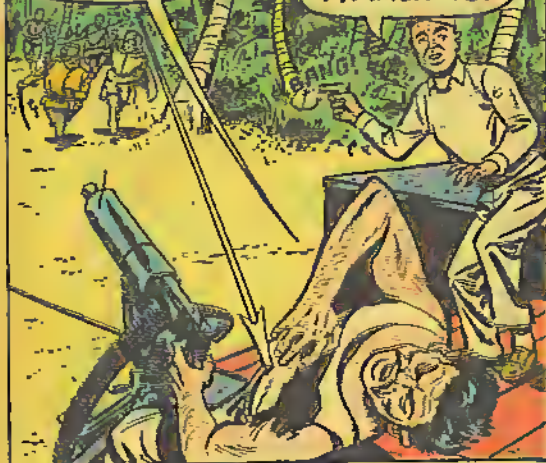
YOU CAN TAUNT ME  
NOW, DEVILFISH--  
BUT REMEMBER  
THIS-- NO  
INVADER HAS  
EVER LIVED  
LONG ENOUGH  
TO CLAIM THIS  
THRONE!



AT THAT MOMENT--

AAAGHH!

DEVILFISH! THE  
TREACHEROUS  
VERMIN ARE  
ATTACKING!



I'D RATHER USE MY  
RUSTY OLD CUTLASS  
ANY DAY-- BUT THIS  
SWORD REALLY  
WORKS, TYPHOON!

TYPHOON! I'LL  
QUELL THESE NATIVES--  
BY SHOWING THEM  
YOUR DEAD  
BODIES!



YAAGH!

DEVILFISH-- YOU'VE LEFT A TRAIL OF  
SLAUGHTER CLEAR ACROSS THE INDIES--  
AND HERE'S WHERE IT ENDS!



LATER -- WITH THE  
INVADERS CAPTURED--

I SPEAK FOR MY PEOPLE,  
TYPHOON-- AND I SPEAK  
FOR MYSELF! STAY  
WITH US, AND YOU WILL  
BE HAPPY-- YOU WILL  
BE IN A WORLD APART  
FROM DANGER  
AND VIOLENCE!

SORRY,  
SWEET-  
HEART--  
BUT IN  
THAT  
CASE I  
WOULDN'T  
BE  
TYPHOON  
TYLER!



SULTRY  
INTRIGUE--  
TORRID  
ROMANCE--  
SIZZLING  
ADVENTURE!  
THEY'RE  
ALL PART  
OF  
TYPHOON  
TYLER'S  
NEXT  
EXPLOIT  
ALONG THE  
EQUATOR--  
IN THE  
COMING  
ISSUE!

THE  
END



# OPERATION: DYNAMITE!

TONY GRANT LEANED over the balcony that ran around the upper wall of the nitrator house in the huge dynamite factory, and looked worriedly down at the light red glow emanating from the lead vat below him. He'd learned a lot about the dynamite-making business in the few days since the Counter-Espionage Bureau had assigned him to the plant, and he knew enough now to realize that the red color spelled out DANGER!

He'd found out, for example, that nitric and sulfuric acids and glycerine were the substances being poured into the lead vat, which was suspended over a cistern of water. Whenever the fusing of those substances was chemically satisfactory, the vat gave off a light blue vapor. But when the mixture was fusing improperly, the blue gradually turned pink, then to light red, then to a darker crimson...and finally *exploded*! And Tony knew that the red vapor he was looking at now wasn't very far from blowing the nitrator house sky-high!

Grimly, Tony raced down the balcony steps toward the vat control board where the nitrator operator sat. The operator was the one who was supposed to press a button and send the entire vat mixture into the cistern water below if the color ever reached the danger point...but this operator, a young engineer by the name of Glen Forster, wasn't doing his job!

After the series of violent explosions which had periodically wrecked the nitrator houses of this dynamite plant, the Defense Department had asked the Counter-Espionage Bureau to send a sabotage-investigator down. The first thing Tony had done was make a thorough inquiry into the background of the next scheduled nitrator-operator, only to find that Glen Forster was unquestionably

loyal. But then...why was he waiting so long to "drown" the explosive charge? Why was he sitting calmly by when the nitrator house was about to be blown up?

In a few more strides, Tony reached the control board just as the vat's red color flared to a bright crimson. A moment later, Tony's finger pressed savagely down on the control button that dumped the vat's entire explosive mixture into the cistern waters below.

Glen Forster leaped up angrily from his chair, shouting, "Why'd you do that? The vapor was still a grayish-blue color. There wasn't any danger!"

Tony stared at the young engineer a moment, and then snapped, "Tell me, Forster...what color is my tie?"

"Why, it's a grayish-blue. But what does that have to do with...hey, where are you taking me?"

"To the personnel manager who hired you!" Tony said, grabbing the engineer's arm and hurrying him outside.

Ten minutes later, in the personnel offices on the opposite end of the mile-long factory grounds, Tony faced the personnel manager, Hugh Roberts. "Roberts, I'm accusing you of sabotage," Tony said. "You hired Forster, so you must have given him a color-blindness test for such a responsible position...and I want you to give him another test in my presence!"

In reply, Roberts reached swiftly into his desk drawer and stood up, holding a gun. "So you guessed it, eh?" he snarled. "Sure, I'm a saboteur. They paid me enough to hire nitrator operators who were blind to the color red...and now...OWWW!"

The bullet from Tony's sleeve deringerpierced Roberts' gun-hand, and as Tony picked up the fallen gun, he smilingly patted his blood-red tie.



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# The TIME TRAVELERS



PIRATES-- WHAT DANGEROUS ADVENTURES AND ROMANTIC ESCAPADES THAT WORD CONVEYS! BUT THE PERILS OF PIRACY ARE A THING OF THE PAST-- TO ALL EXCEPT ONE MAN IN THE WORLD WHO HAS SOLVED THE SECRET OF TIME-- AND CAN GO BACK THROUGH THE CENTURIES TO THOSE SWASHBUCKLING OLDEN DAYS OF BUCCANEERS AND BOOTY, OF CALLEONS AND GOLD! SO JUST STAY AWAY ABOARD DR. TOM REDFIELD'S AMAZING TIME-MACHINE-- AND PREPARE YOURSELF FOR ANOTHER PERILOUS JOURNEY THROUGH THAT STRANGEST OF ALL DIMENSIONS-- TIME!

IN THE LABORATORY OF DR. TOM REDFIELD, BRILLIANT YOUNG INVENTOR OF THE TIME-MACHINE--

WELL, TOM, HAVEN'T YOU DECIDED YET HOW YOU'RE GOING TO USE THE TIME-MACHINE NEXT?

NO, PEGGY! I'VE BEEN SWAMPED WITH APPLICATIONS FROM HISTORICAL, GEOLOGICAL, AND ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETIES AND MUSEUMS-- ALL OF THEM INSISTING THAT I USE THE TIME-MACHINE TO HELP THEM OUT IN SOME PET PROJECT OF THEIRS! IT'S NOT EASY TRYING TO PICK OUT THE ONE THAT SOUNDS MOST IMPORTANT!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

DR. REDFIELD? MY NAME IS ROGER BLAKE! I'M A WRITER OF HISTORICAL NOVELS, WORKING ON A BOOK ABOUT ANNE BONNY, THE FAMOUS WOMAN PIRATE OF HISTORY! I'LL PAY YOU WELL TO TRANSPORT ME BACK TO THE EARLY 1700'S. SO I CAN GATHER SOME AUTHENTIC BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR MY NOVEL!

SORRY, MR. BLAKE-- I CAN'T PUT MY TIME-MACHINE TO SUCH TRIVIAL USES WHEN SO MANY OTHER URGENT PROJECTS ARE ON THE WAITING LIST!





WAIT -- DO YOU CONSIDER A TREASURE WORTH **TEN MILLION DOLLARS** TRIVIAL? THAT'S HOW MUCH **BOOTY ANNE BONNY** IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BURIED IN A SECRET SPOT BEFORE SHE WAS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH IN 1720! AND WHEN WE GO BACK INTO THE PAST AND **GET THAT TREASURE**, I'LL SPLIT THE LOOT WITH YOU!

I DON'T ACCEPT BRIBES FOR THE USE OF MY TIME-MACHINE, AND I HAVE NO USE FOR FORTUNE-HUNTERS! **SO GET OUT!**

NO STUPID SCIENTIST IS GOING TO KEEP ME FROM A FORTUNE -- **GET HIM, BOYS!**

**WHAK!**

MAYBE **THIS** WILL TEACH YOU THAT EVEN A SCIENTIST CAN BE AN ALL-COLLEGIATE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP --

... AN OLYMPIC WEIGHT-LIFTING TITLE HOLDER...

... A NATIONAL AMATEUR WRESTLING CHAMP...

**OW!**

**WHAA!**

AND AN ALL-AMERICAN CHUMP!

**CRACK!**

YOU'D BETTER START PLAYING BALL WITH US, REDFIELD -- BECAUSE I WON'T HESITATE TO **KILL YOU** IF YOU REFUSE TO TAKE US INTO THE PAST! AS SOON AS I READ ABOUT YOUR INVENTING THE TIME-MACHINE, I SPENT EVERY WAKING MOMENT FOR MONTHS IN HISTORICAL RESEARCH ABOUT ANNE BONNY AND HER TREASURE -- **AND NO ONE IS GOING TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING MY HANDS ON THOSE MILLIONS NOW!**

YOU WOULDN'T DARE KILL ME -- BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD WHO KNOWS THE INTRICACIES OF THE TIME-MACHINE! WITHOUT ME, YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT FORTUNE!





YOU'RE RIGHT-- BUT I CAN SHOOT YOUR GIRL FRIEND-- AND I WILL-- UNLESS YOU DO EXACTLY AS I SAY!

ALL... ALL RIGHT, BLAKE-- YOU WIN!



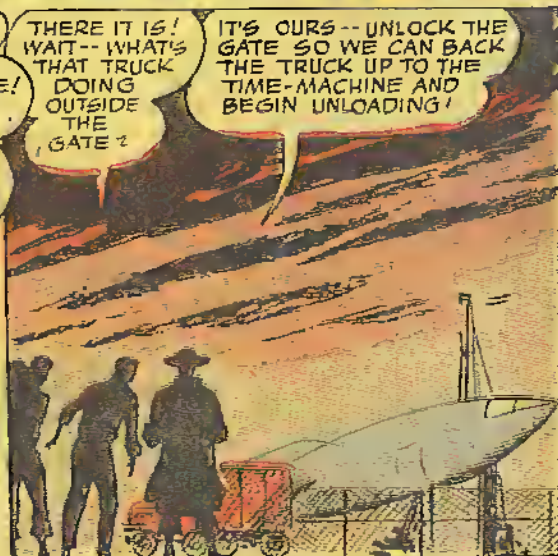
NOW YOU'RE SHOWING SOME SENSE! OKAY, BOYS, GET YOUR COATS OFF AND LET'S GET TO WORK!

YOU... YOU'RE ALL WEARING COSTUMES!



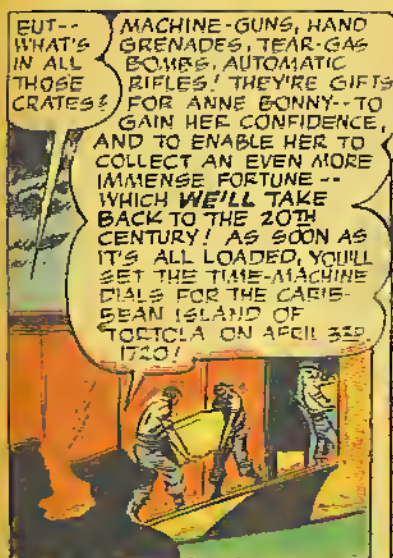
SURE-- PIRATE COSTUMES! WE'VE GOT TO PRETEND TO BE PIRATES IN ORDER TO WIN ANN BONNY'S CONFIDENCE! BUT YOU TWO WILL BE DRESSED IN 20TH CENTURY CLOTHES-- SO IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE, YOU'LL BE EASILY RECOGNIZED! NOW, REDFIELD-- TAKE US OUT TO THE TIME-MACHINE!

IT'S IN THE TAKE-OFF FIELD BEHIND THE LAB-- I'LL SHOW YOU!



THERE IT IS! WAIT-- WHAT'S THAT TRUCK DOING OUTSIDE THE GATE?

IT'S OURS-- UNLOCK THE GATE SO WE CAN BACK THE TRUCK UP TO THE TIME-MACHINE AND BEGIN UNLOADING!



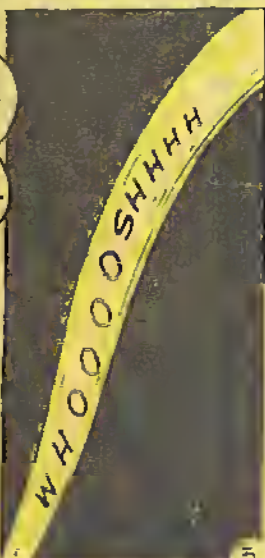
BUT-- WHAT'S IN ALL THOSE CRATES?

MACHINE-GUNS, HAND GRENADES, TEAR-GAS BOMBS, AUTOMATIC RIFLES! THEY'RE GIFTS FOR ANNE BONNY-- TO GAIN HER CONFIDENCE, AND TO ENABLE HER TO COLLECT AN EVEN MORE IMMENSE FORTUNE-- WHICH WE'LL TAKE BACK TO THE 20TH CENTURY! AS SOON AS IT'S ALL LOADED, YOU'LL SET THE TIME-MACHINE DIALS FOR THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND OF TORTOLA ON APRIL 3RD 1720!

WHEN ALL ARE FINALLY ABOARD--

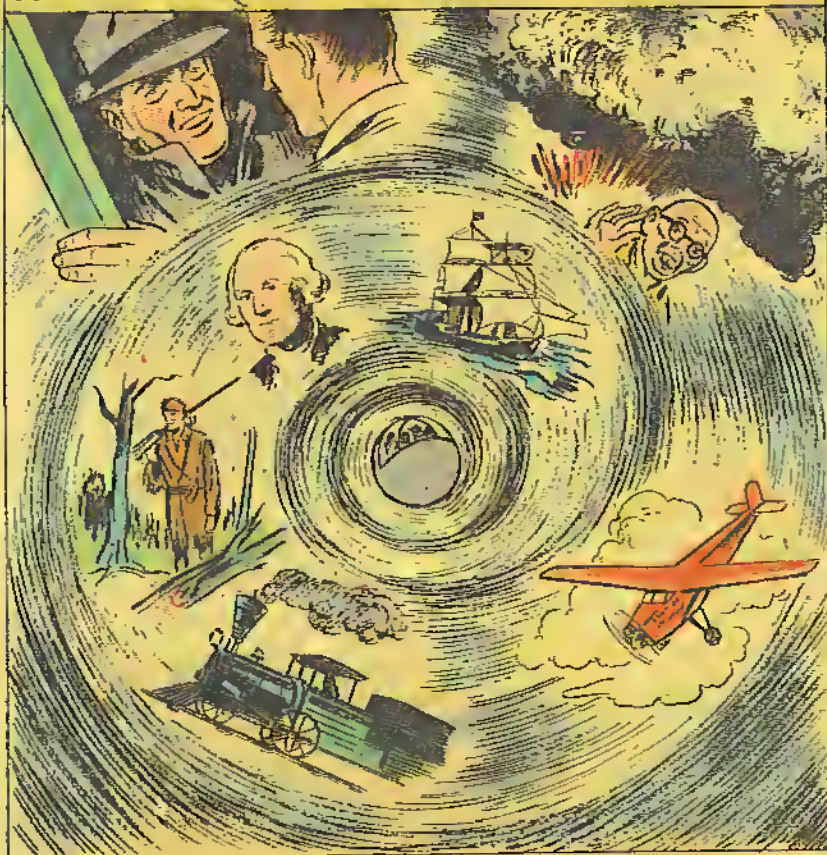
TAKE OFF, REDFIELD, AND REMEMBER-- NO TRICKS!

OF COURSE NOT-- I WOULDN'T DARE RISK PEGGY'S LIFE BY TRYING TO TRICK YOU! AND SINCE SHE'S GOING TO HELP ME NAVIGATE, SHE'LL STRAP HERSELF INTO HER SEAT JUST AS I'VE DONE-- AND I'LL JUST TURN THE POWER-CONTROL KEY THAT'LL SEND US ON OUR WAY--

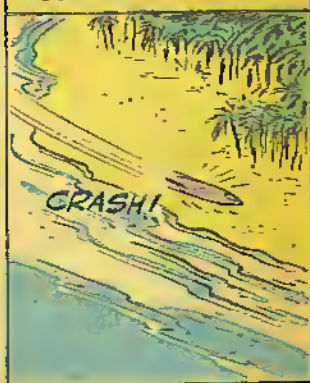




DOWN, DOWN THROUGH THE STRANGE SPIRALS OF TIME ITSELF--



SECONDS LATER--



AND AT THE MOMENT OF IMPACT--



IT WORKED, PEGGY! I NEGLECTED TO TELL THEM TO STRAP THEMSELVES IN-- AND PURPOSELY LANDED HARD ENOUGH TO KNOCK THEM ALL OUT COLD! NOW WE CAN GO BACK TO 1951 AND TURN THESE MEN OVER TO THE POLICE!

BUT YOU MAY HAVE LANDED TOO HARD, TOM-- WE'D BETTER GO OUT AND SEE IF THE LANDING GEAR IS DAMAGED BEFORE WE MAKE A LANDING IN OUR OWN TIME!



NOPE-- EVERYTHING LOOKS SHIPSHAPE! SO LET'S GET BACK ABOARD AND GET OUT OF TORTOLA AND THE 18TH CENTURY!



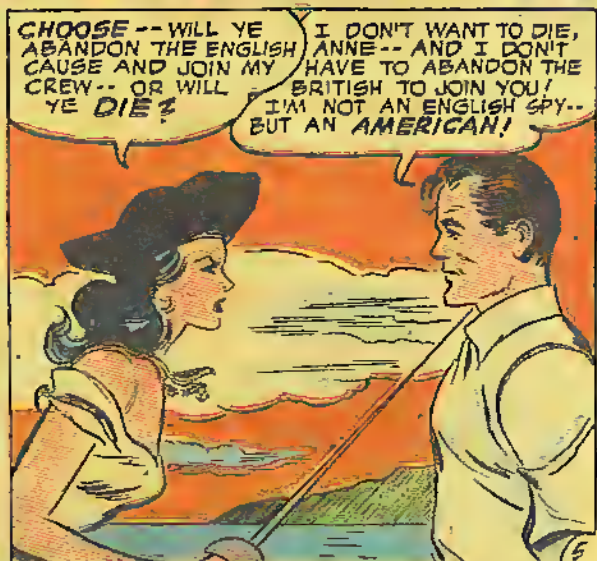
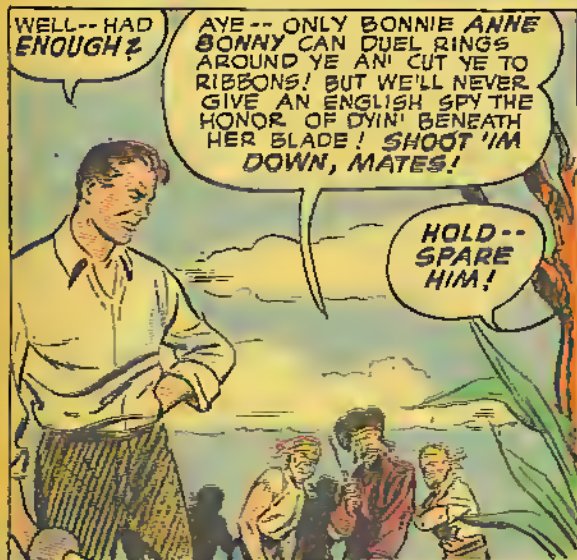
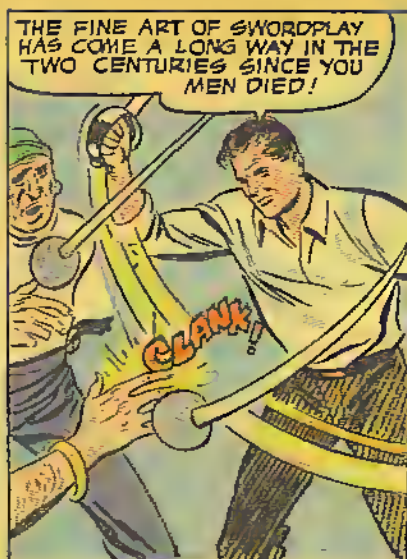
THEY SPEAK ENGLISH-- KILL THE BRITISH SPIES!

OH, TOM-- PIRATES!

AYE, THE BLOODIEST PIRATES THAT EVER SAILED THE SEVEN SEAS! AT 'EM, ME LADS-- DEATH TO THE BRITISHERS WHO WOULD SPY ON THE CAMP OF ANNE BONNY!









AH, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YE'RE ONE OF THOSE BOLD NEW COLONISTS-- A MAN LIKE YOU COULD ONLY COME FROM ADVENTUROUS AMERICA! I'M GLAD TO WELCOME YE-- AS MY MATE!

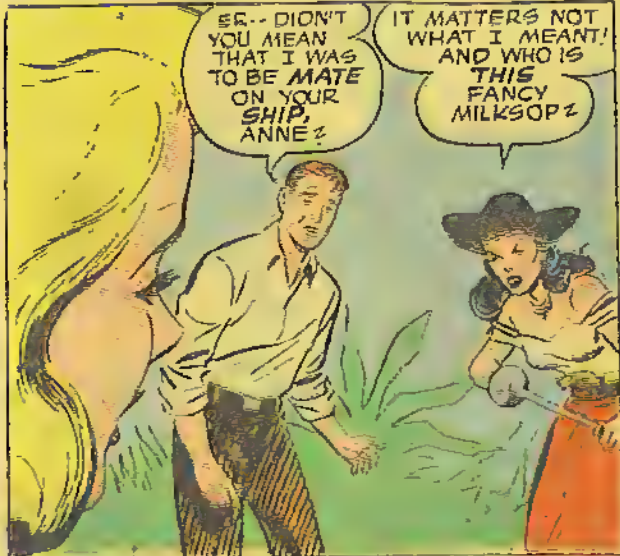


AS HER MATE--- OH, TOM-- HOW COULD YOU?



ER-- DIDN'T YOU MEAN THAT I WAS TO BE MATE ON YOUR SHIP, ANNE?

IT MATTERS NOT WHAT I MEANT! AND WHO IS THIS FANCY MILKSOP?



SHE'S... ER... JUST A HOSTAGE I'VE BEEN HOLDING FOR RANSOM! DON'T HARM HER-- SHE COMES OF A WEALTHY FAMILY, AND HER HEAD IS WORTH A FORTUNE TO ME!

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE BUCCANEER, TOM! WE'LL KEEP HER A PRISONER ON MY SHIP-- WHILE YOU AND I SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS TOGETHER AND WREST A THOUSAND FORTUNES FROM A THOUSAND GALLEONS!



NO, NOT YOU AND HIM, ANNE--

-- YOU AND ME!

THEY'RE SPIES, ANNE-- AS WELL AS MY ENEMIES! ORDER YOUR MEN TO SEIZE THEM!

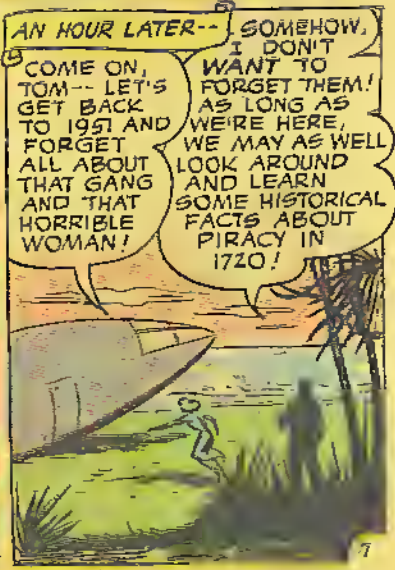
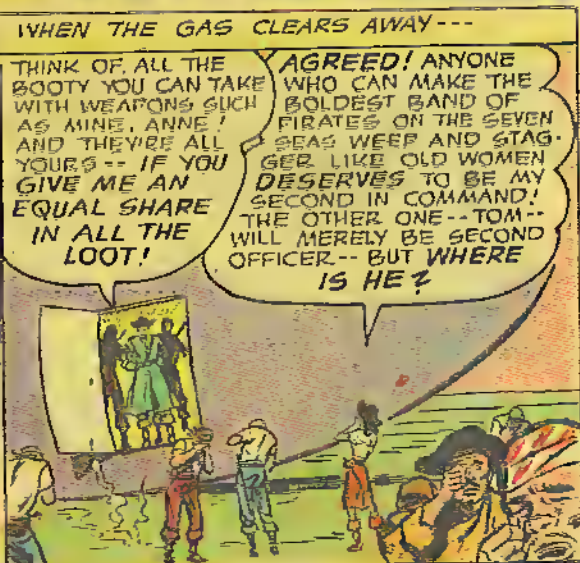
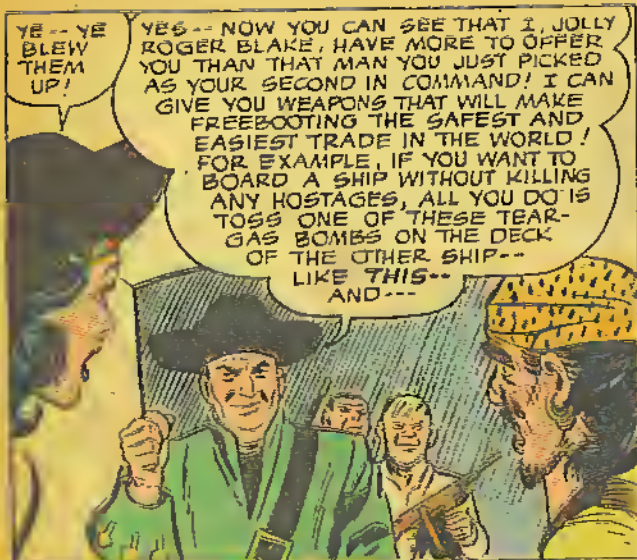
WHO ARE YOU?

IF THEY'RE YOUR ENEMIES, I'LL HAVE 'EM SKEWERED! LET 'EM TASTE YER COLD STEEL, ME HEARTIES!

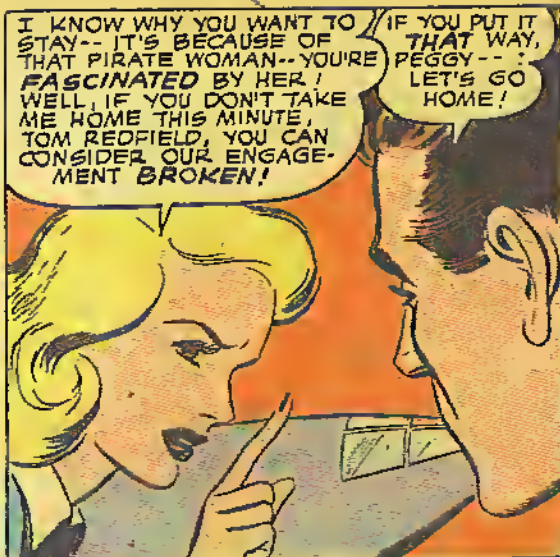
I'LL GIVE YOUR MEN SOMETHING TO TASTE-- THE LATEST MODEL HAND GRENADE!





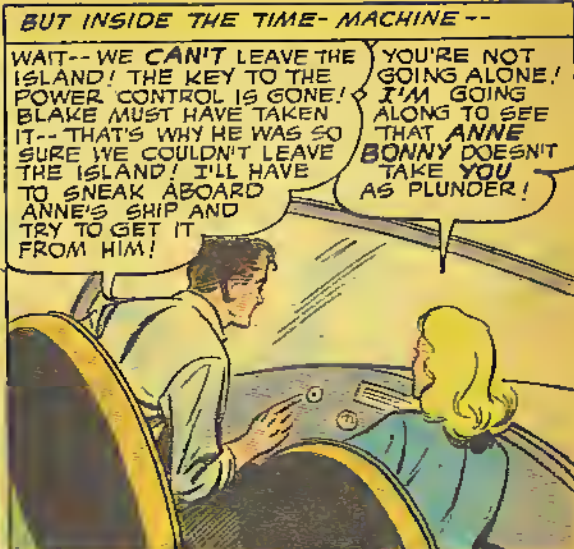






I KNOW WHY YOU WANT TO STAY-- IT'S BECAUSE OF THAT PIRATE WOMAN-- YOU'RE **FASCINATED** BY HER! WELL, IF YOU DON'T TAKE ME HOME THIS MINUTE, TOM REDFIELD, YOU CAN CONSIDER OUR ENGAGEMENT **BROKEN!**

IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, PEGGY-- LET'S GO HOME!



**BUT INSIDE THE TIME-MACHINE--**  
WAIT-- WE CAN'T LEAVE THE ISLAND! THE KEY TO THE POWER CONTROL IS GONE! BLAKE MUST HAVE TAKEN IT-- THAT'S WHY HE WAS SO SURE WE COULDN'T LEAVE THE ISLAND! I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK ABOARD ANNE'S SHIP AND TRY TO GET IT FROM HIM!

YOU'RE NOT GOING ALONE! I'M GOING ALONG TO SEE THAT ANNE BONNY DOESN'T TAKE YOU AS PLUNDER!



THAT NIGHT--

MAKE SAIL!  
HOIST THE  
MIZZEN ROYAL!

THEY'RE GETTING READY TO LEAVE-- WE'LL HAVE TO GET ON BOARD NOW OR NEVER! YOU STAY HERE, PEGGY-- WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THAT GUARD!



RAK!

UGH!



TELL ME WHERE BLAKE'S QUARTERS ARE ABOARD SHIP-- OR I'LL THROTTLE YOU TO DEATH!

GASP!-- FIRST CABIN-- QUARTER-DECK-- GASP!



COME ON, PEGGY-- LET'S STEAL ABOARD!

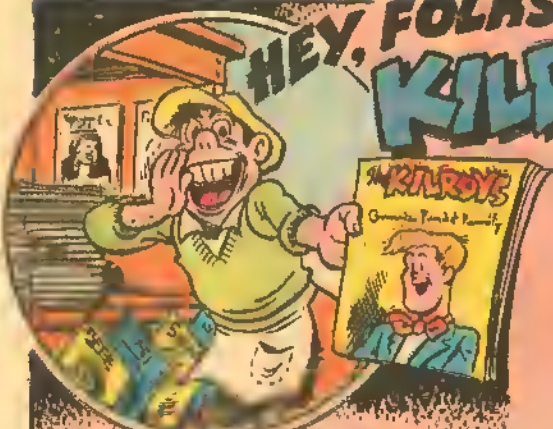


THE QUARTER-DECK SHOULD BE JUST AROUND THIS COR-- OOF!

OHH-- YOU!!!



# HEY, FOLKS! KILROY IS HERE!



... IN THE GAYEST, GIDDIEST,  
GREATEST COMICS MAGAZINE  
YOU'VE EVER READ! IT'S

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... THAT NEW, NOVEL TEEN-AGE  
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...FEATURING NATCH, THE MOST  
TERRIFIC TEENSTER IN TOWN!  
GET YOUR COPY NOW...AND  
START HOWLING! YOU'LL LIVE  
WITH KILROY...LAUGH WITH  
KILROY...LOVE WITH KILROY!  
IT'S ALL IN ...

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America's Funniest Family!



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SLIP  
ON  
SLIP  
OFF



**YE LYING VIPER!**  
BLAKE JUST TOLD ME  
THAT ANILKOP **ISN'T**  
YOUR HOSTAGE-- BUT  
YOUR **BETROTHED!**  
NO MAN MAKES A  
FOOL OF ANNE  
BONNY AND LIVES!  
**DRAW STEEL--**  
BEFORE I  
DRAW YOUR  
BLOOD!



YOU'RE  
FORCING  
ME TO DO  
SOME-  
THING I'VE  
NEVER  
DONE,  
ANNE--  
**FIGHT A  
WOMAN!**

**FOOL-- NINETY-NINE**  
MEN HAVE FALLEN BE-  
NEATH MY BLADE--  
AND WHEN MY  
STEEL PIERCES  
YOUR HEART--  
YE SHALL BE THE  
HUNDREETH!



I'VE GOT TO  
HAND IT TO YOU,  
ANNE-- YOU'RE  
A MASTER OF  
SWORDPLAY!

**BUT I'M NOT  
PLAYING!**



MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN USING THE  
WRONG ARMS-- TRY MINE!



TOM--  
**NO!**

NO MAN HAS EVER  
DEFEATED ME IN  
BATTLE-- OR IN  
LOVE! BUT NOW  
I'VE FINALLY MET  
MY MASTER--  
**IN BOTH!**

I'M GLAD YOU  
FEEL THAT WAY,  
ANNE! BECAUSE  
NOW WE CAN  
JOIN FORCES--  
AGAINST  
BLAKE!

HOW TOUCHING--  
BUT HOW  
WRONG  
YOU ARE!



ANNE, YOU'RE TAKING ORDERS  
FROM ME FROM NOW ON!  
AND THE FIRST THING YOU'LL  
DO IS HAVE YOUR MEN  
THROW THOSE TWO INTO  
IRONS BELOW DECKS!

I SHOULD TAKE ORDERS--  
FROM YOU! ANNE BONNY  
**GIVES ORDERS--** AND THE  
NEXT ONE I SHALL GIVE IS TO  
HAVE YE DRAWN AND QUARTERED  
FOR THREATENING ME! **MEN--  
CUT HIM TO RIBBONS!**



AS THE PIRATES SURGE FORWARD--

**YAAAGH!**

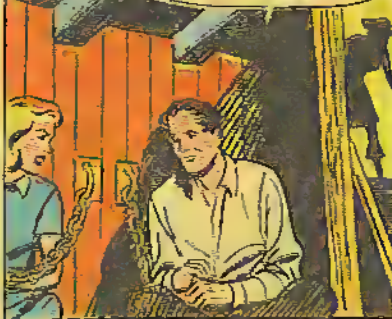




GIVE UP, ANNE--  
OR DO YOU WANT  
ALL YOUR  
MEN KILLED?  
IT--IT'S USELESS  
TO RESIST YOUR  
WEAPONS! I'LL  
DO AS YE SAY--  
AND HAVE 'EM BOTH  
THROWN INTO  
IRONS!



LATER--  
YOU KISSED  
HER...YOU MADE  
LOVE TO HER...  
WHEN YOU'RE  
ENGAGED  
TO ME!  
I DID IT ONLY TO WIN  
HER OVER TO OUR  
SIDE, PEGGY! IF  
SHE'S REALLY  
FALLEN IN LOVE  
WITH ME, SHE'LL  
SNEAK DOWN HERE  
AND FREE US ANY  
MINUTE! BUT SHE'S  
NOT TO KNOW YOU'RE  
THE ONLY GIRL I CAN  
EVER LOVE!



ULP!  
ANNE--  
YOU--  
YOU  
HEARD!  
AYE-- I OFFERED  
YE MY HEART, AND  
ALL YE GAVE WAS  
A LYING KISS! I  
DID COME DOWN  
TO FREE YE-- BUT  
NOW YOU CAN ROT  
IN THIS HOLD TILL  
DOOMSDAY!



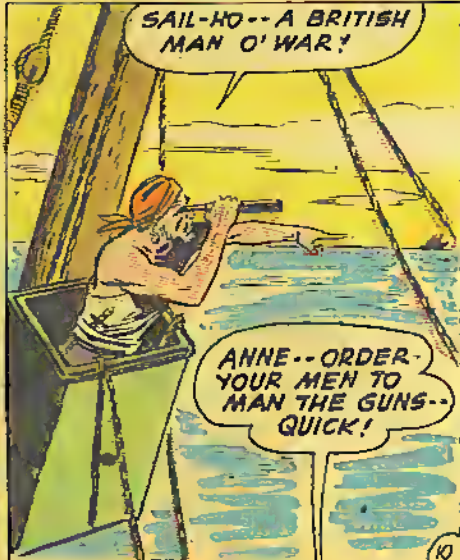
AS THE DAYS MELT INTO WEEKS,  
TOM AND PEGGY LANGUISH  
IN CHAINS BELOW DECKS--  
WHILE ABOVE, ACTION RAGES  
AS THE PIRATES ATTACK  
SHIP AFTER SHIP WITH  
THEIR SUPER-MODERN  
WEAPONS!



THEN, ONE DAY--  
WHY DID YOU BRING US  
UP ON DECK, BLAKE--  
WHAT'S THAT FIENDISH  
MIND OF YOURS UP  
TO NOW?  
I JUST WANTED TO SHOW YOU ALL  
THE PLUNDER WE'VE TAKEN-- AND  
TO TELL YOU WE'RE HEADING BACK  
TO TORTOLA! YOU'RE GOING TO  
TAKE ME BACK TO THE 20TH  
CENTURY-- AND I'M TAKING ALL  
THESE MILLIONS ALONG WITH ME!



SAIL-HO-- A BRITISH  
MAN O' WAR!



ANNE-- ORDER  
YOUR MEN TO  
MAN THE GUNS--  
QUICK!



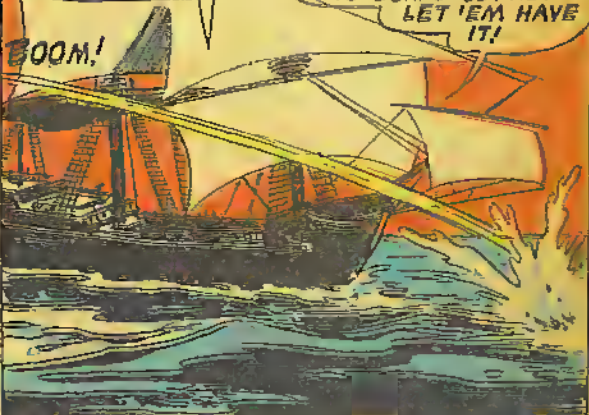
IT'S NO USE-- IT'S A SHIP O' THE LINE, AND CARRIES MORE SAIL AND HEAVIER CANNON THAN WE DO-- IT CAN OUTPACE AND OUT-SHOOT US! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THEM!



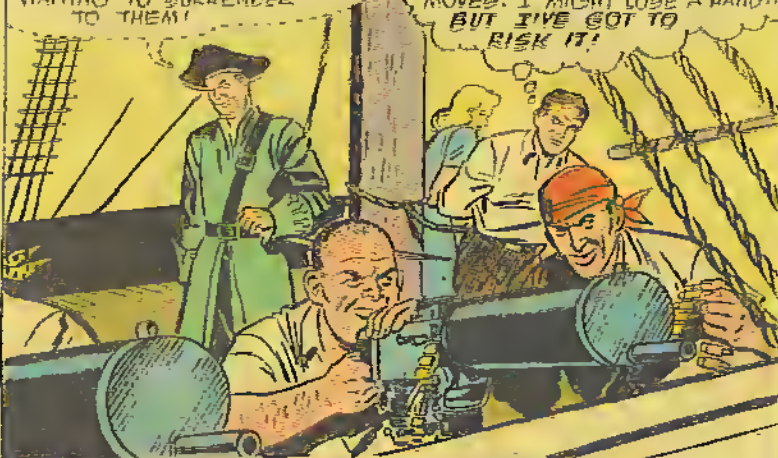
SEE-- THEY'RE FIRING A WARNING SHOT ACROSS OUR BOY-- AND THEY'RE STILL OUT OF RANGE OF OUR CANNON! WE'D BETTER SURRENDER!

WE'LL RAISE THE WHITE SURRENDER FLAG-- BUT WE'LL STAND BY WITH MACHINE GUNS, GRENADES AND TEAR GAS BOMBS! AS SOON AS THEY TRY TO BOARD US, WE'LL LET 'EM HAVE IT!

BOOM!



THEY'RE GETTING READY TO BOARD-- KEEP DOWN LOW AND HOLD YOUR FIRE UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD! I'LL JUST STAND HERE AS IF I'M WAITING TO SURRENDER TO THEM!



HIS SWORD IS PROTRUDING BETWEEN ME AND THE MAST-- IF I CAN SLIDE DOWN QUICKLY, IT'LL CUT MY ROPES! IF HE MOVES, I MIGHT LOSE A HAND-- BUT I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!

HERE THEY COME-- FIRE!



AND HERE I COME!

WHA-- UGH!

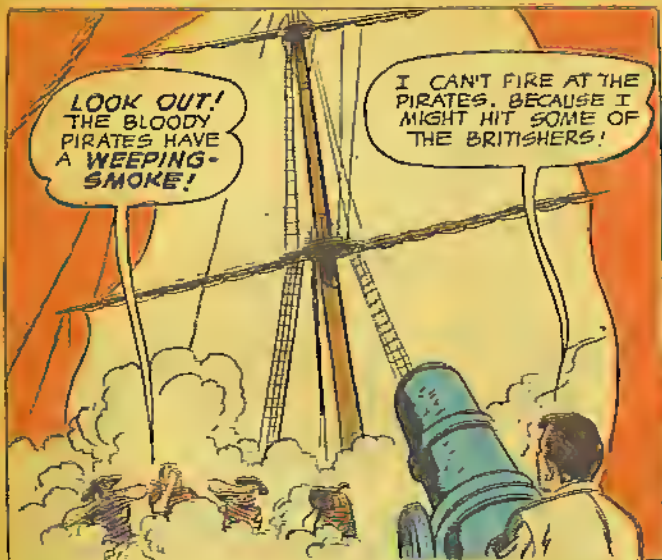
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!



THEY'RE MOWING DOWN THOSE BRITISH SAILORS-- AND IT'S UP TO ME TO STOP THE MASSACRE!







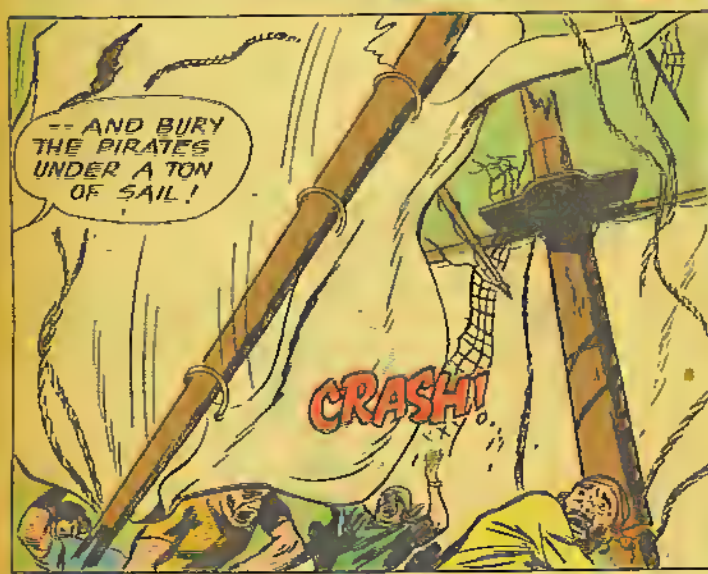
LOOK OUT!  
THE BLOODY  
PIRATES HAVE  
A WEEPING-  
SMOKE!

I CAN'T FIRE AT THE  
PIRATES. BECAUSE I  
MIGHT HIT SOME OF  
THE BRITISHERS!



-- BUT I CAN  
FIRE AT THE  
UPPER RIGGING  
AND MAST--

**CRASH!**



-- AND BURY  
THE PIRATES  
UNDER A TON  
OF SAIL!

**CRASH!**



IT'S REDFIELD!  
TURN THE MACHINE-  
GUN AROUND AND  
LET HIM HAVE IT!

HMM, SO I  
MISSED UP ON  
YOU TWO, EH?  
WELL, I'LL CERTAIN-  
LY REMEDY  
THAT!



**BLAM!**

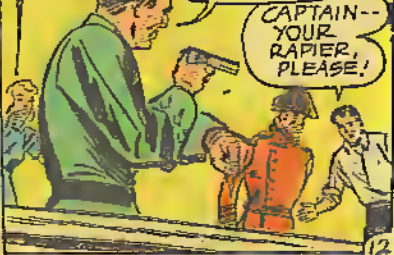
MINUTES LATER...

AS CAPTAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S  
WARSHIP, I WANT TO THANK  
YE FOR THE INVALUABLE  
SERVICE YE RENDERED US  
IN CAPTURING THESE PIRATES!  
WITHOUT YE-- WE'D HAVE BEEN  
SLAIN TO A MAN! ANYTHING  
WITHIN REASON YE ASK  
WILL BE YOURS!



TOM--  
LOOK!  
THERE'S  
BLAKE!

YES, AND YOU'LL DO AS  
I SAY, REDFIELD--OR  
I'LL DROP THE KEY TO  
THE TIME-MACHINE'S  
POWER CONTROL INTO  
THE OCEAN-- AND YOU'LL  
NEVER GET BACK TO THE  
20TH CENTURY! THE CAP-  
TAIN SAID HE'D DO ANY-  
THING FOR YOU-- ASK  
HIM TO RELEASE ME AND  
TAKE THE THREE OF US  
BACK TO TORTOLA--  
WITH THE  
TREASURE!



CAPTAIN--  
YOUR  
RAPIER,  
PLEASE!



I FORGOT TO TELL YOU BLAKE-- I'VE HAD A BIT OF PRACTICE AT JAVELIN-THROWING, TOO!

YAAGH!



AND NOW, CAPTAIN, IF YOU'LL KINDLY TAKE US TO TORTOLA, WHERE MY OWN SHIP WILL TAKE US HOME...

WITH PLEASURE--AND YE MAY HAVE YOUR PICK OF THE PIRATE TREASURE TO TAKE HOME WITH YE-- WHEREVER THAT MAY BE!

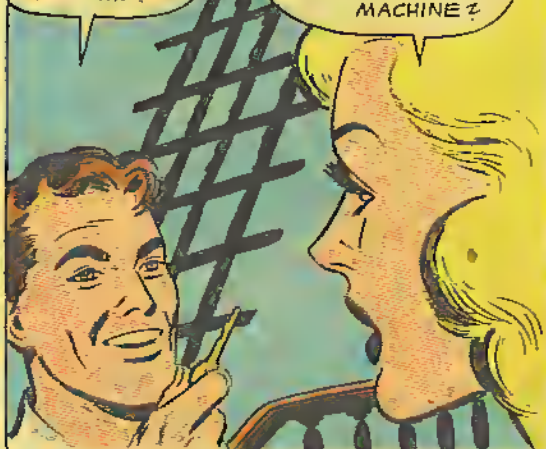
SPLASH!



BUT TOM-- HOW CAN WE GET HOME WITHOUT THE KEY TO THE TIME-MACHINE'S POWER CONTROL?

BUT WE DO HAVE THE KEY, PEGGY-- I HAD A DUPLICATE IN MY POCKET ALL THE TIME!

BUT WHY... WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT TO GO HOME WHEN BLAKE FIRST LEFT US ALONE NEAR THE TIME-MACHINE?



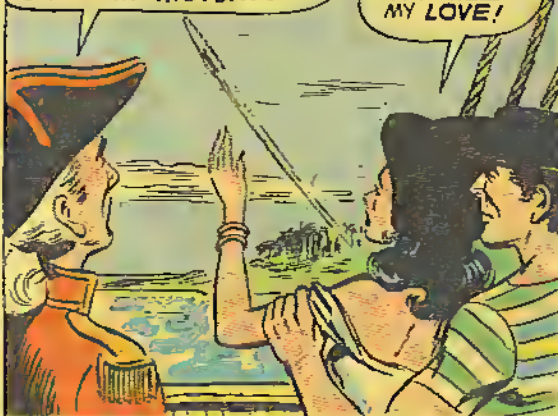
BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO INTERFERE WITH HISTORY, PEGGY! YOU SEE, I REMEMBER HAVING READ THAT ANNE BONNY WAS CAPTURED IN 1720 BY THE BRITISH-- WITH THE HELP OF A STRANGER WHO LATER VANISHED IN A STRANGE VESSEL! BUT IF WE'D LEFT THIS AGE WHEN WE FIRST HAD THE CHANCE, IT WOULD HAVE MADE HISTORY ALL WRONG-- SO I KNEW THAT I'D HAVE TO STAY, AND THAT WE'D COME THROUGH ALL RIGHT!



LATER, OFF THE ISLAND OF TORTOLA--

I WILL HAVE TO MAKE A FULL REPORT OF THIS-- HOW THE STRANGELY-DRESSED AMERICANS VANISHED INTO THE SKY IN THEIR STRANGE VESSEL! IT WILL ALL GO DOWN IN HISTORY!

FAREWELL... MY LOVE!



BACK IN 1951--

WELL, PEGGY, I MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO WORK-- AND TRY TO DECIDE WHICH PROJECT I SHOULD HELP WITH MY TIME-MACHINE!

I'VE GOT A STRANGE PREMONITION, TOM, THAT THE NEXT USE OF THE TIME-MACHINE WON'T BE FOR ANY TAME PURPOSE-- BUT FOR SOMETHING EVEN MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE ADVENTURE WE JUST WENT THROUGH!



AND YOU'LL FIND OUT HOW RIGHT PEGGY IS, READER-- IN THE NEXT ACTION-CRAMMED ISSUE OF OPERATION: PERIL!

The End



# Blinding GOLD

ARCHAEOLOGIST GLEN HASTINGS pressed both hands against the third stone slab from the end of the ancient, ruined wall---and felt it give. Excitedly, he pressed harder---and suddenly the whole wall was swinging away, revealing a yawning chasm in the ground.

Exhausted by his labors, Glen leaned back for a moment and breathed in the cool morning air of Peru. With a start, he realized it was morning---he'd been working by firelight all night without realizing it. But now, as the rising sun shed a yellow glow over the ruins of the ancient Incan city of Cuzco in the mountainous interior of Peru, Glen knew his labors had not been in vain.

Countless fortune-hunters and archaeologists before him had sought for the Incan *huacas*---the hidden gold treasures which the Incans were supposed to have left behind them centuries ago. But all of them had failed---because they hadn't known enough about Incan history and legends. Only recently had Glen himself come across the ancient yellowish parchment which explained why gold was sacred to the Incans: they had all been sun-worshipers, and they also worshiped gold because of its yellow color---the color of the sun! That might not have meant a lot to the casual man, but to the trained archaeologist like Glen, it meant that the openings of the *huacas* all had to face *north*...for the sun traveled across the northern sky in the Southern hemisphere!

When he'd realized that simple fact, Glen had also understood why everyone had failed to find the *huacas*. All of the entrances to the ancient buildings in Cuzco faced south---as if the wily Incan builders had purposely wanted to mislead those who would seek their golden treasure. And their ruse had worked---since no one before Glen had bothered to examine the northern walls to see if there were any secret entrances.

Glen stood up now, raising his arms to the sky in exultation, getting ready

to renew his labors now that he was on the brink of success.

"That's it," a voice behind him said suddenly. "Keep reaching for the sky and turn around real slow!"

Glen stood still for a moment in astonishment, and then obeyed. The two men in front of him both had guns, and looked as if they knew how to use them.

"We've been watching you from the woods all night," one of them said, grinning. "As a matter of fact, we've been on your tail ever since you showed up in Lima and asked for permission to explore the ruins of Cuzco. We'd heard about the famous archaeologist Glen Hastings, of course, and we figured you might have a new lead on the Incan gold. As soon as the sun came up and we saw the secret passage you uncovered, we knew how right we were."

"And now," the other man said, "you're going to march ahead of us into that opening. If there's gold there, we'll kill you and take it. If there's not, we'll make you keep looking until you find some! Get going!"

Glen's mind raced swiftly while he turned to walk towards the opening. As he saw the bright yellow sunlight pouring into the secret entrance, he knew what he would have to do. Walking down the crude stone steps, with the two men behind him, Glen closed his eyes and stepped into the treasure room. As the gunmen saw the brilliant yellow glow ahead of them, they pushed Glen eagerly aside---and caught the full, blinding glare of the sunlight being reflected off the shining gold right into their eyes. Turning his back on the ingots he knew were there, Glen whirled on the two men, opening his eyes---and saw them blinking in momentary blindness.

Brief moments were all that Glen needed as he leaped into action. Still blinded, the men didn't even see his fists heading for their faces...and they fell like inert logs among the gold which would be used to pay for future archaeological expeditions.



# JACKSON'S DUEL

IN 1806, POLITICAL ENEMIES OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON SOUGHT TO END THE CAREER OF THE BRILLIANT YOUNG STATESMAN BY INCITING HIM INTO A DUEL WITH CHARLES DICKINSON, THE BEST PISTOL-SHOT IN TENNESSEE...

JACKSON, I'M CALLING YOU A BLASTED LIAR--- AND YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A COWARD TO MAKE ME EAT THOSE WORDS!

THEN THIS COWARD IS CHALLENGING YOU TO A DUEL, DICKINSON! MY SECONDS WILL CALL ON YOU IN THE MORNING--- AND YOU CAN CHOOSE ANY WEAPON YOU LIKE!



THIS, OF COURSE, WAS WHAT DICKINSON WANTED ---AND HE CHOSE PISTOLS! THE DUEL WAS SET FOR MAY 30TH, AT A SPOT ACROSS THE KENTUCKY BORDER ---AND ON THE WAY, THE TENNESSEAN PISTOL EXPERT AMUSED HIMSELF WITH SOME TARGET PRACTICE...

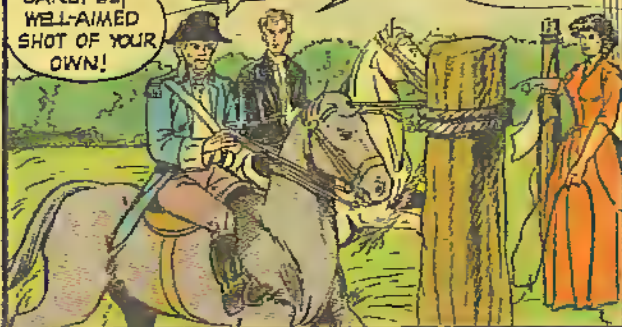
IF GENERAL JACKSON COMES ALONG THIS ROAD, SHOW HIM THAT ---AND TELL HIM HE'LL GET THE SAME TREATMENT!



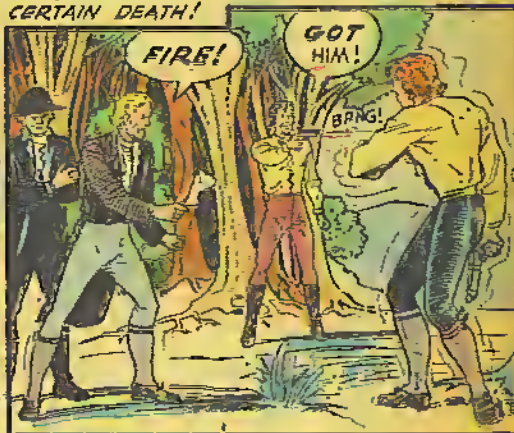
WHEN JACKSON AND GENERAL OVERTON, HIS SECOND, PASSED THAT WAY AND SAW THE EVIDENCE OF DICKINSON'S MARKSMANSHIP...

ANDREW, YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT BLACKGUARD IS A BETTER SHOT THAN YOU! YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO LET HIM FIRE FIRST---AND THEN TRY A CAREFUL, WELL-AIMED SHOT OF YOUR OWN!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING--- BUT I ONLY HOPE I'LL BE ALIVE TO SHOOT BACK!



AT THE DUELLING GROUNDS, JACKSON SHOWED THE COURAGE AND METTLE THAT WERE LATER, TO MAKE HIM THE HERO OF THE WAR OF 1812---FOR HE STOOD COOLLY WAITING FOR HIS ENEMY'S SHOT, KNOWING THAT HE WAS RISKING ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH!



BADLY WOUNDED, JACKSON GRITTED HIS TEETH, SLOWLY RAISED HIS PISTOL...

GREAT. SCOTT-- HE'S HIT---WHY ...WHY DOESN'T HE FALL?

AARGHH!



THE SINGLE SHOT KILLED DICKINSON--- BUT JACKSON'S WOUND WAS A PAINFULLY SEVERE ONE, BOTHERING HIM FOR MANY YEARS AFTER HE BECAME PRESIDENT! AND WHEN HE DIED IN 1845, PEOPLE SAID THAT DICKINSON'S BULLET HAD FINALLY KILLED ANDY JACKSON!

THE END...



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Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

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COLOR—Picture No. 2

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

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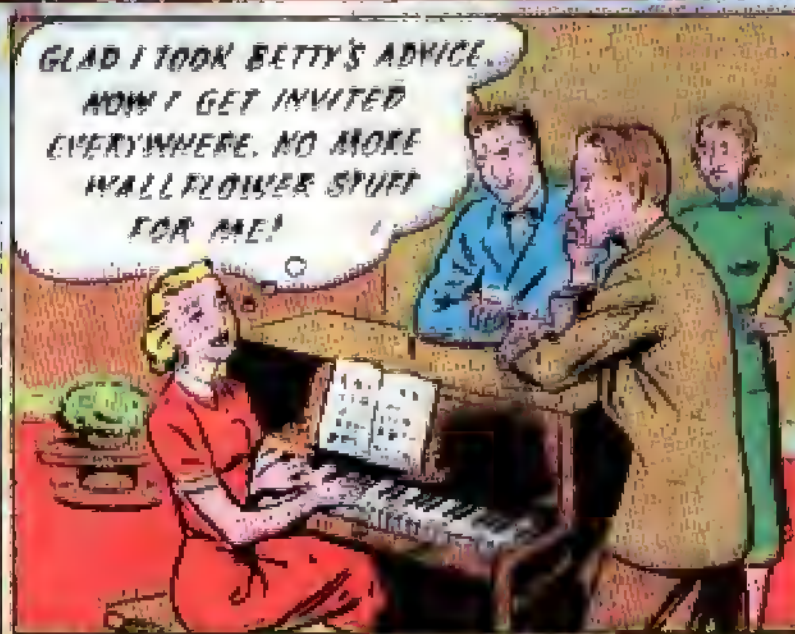
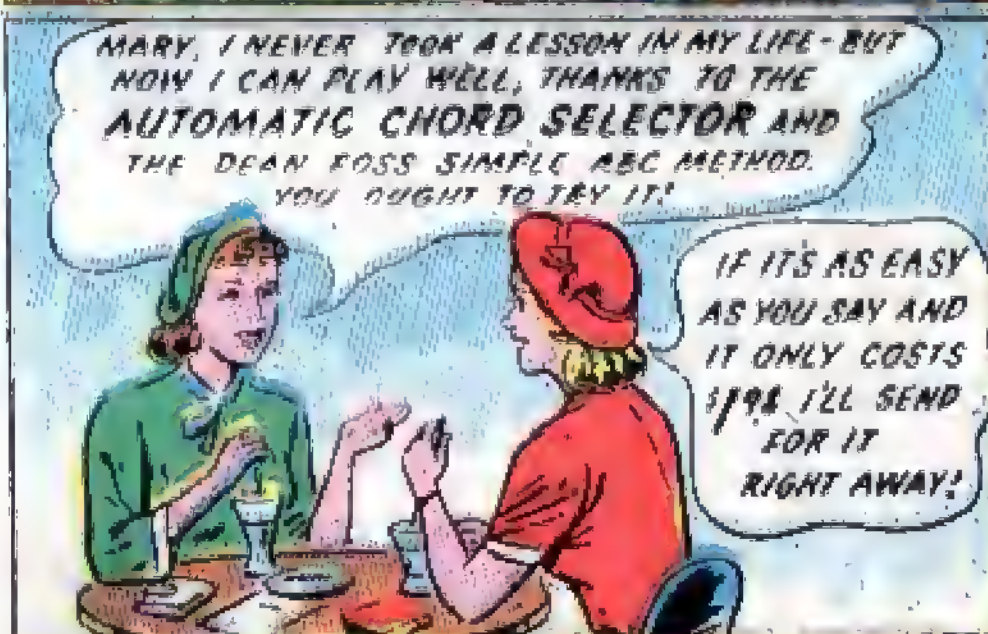
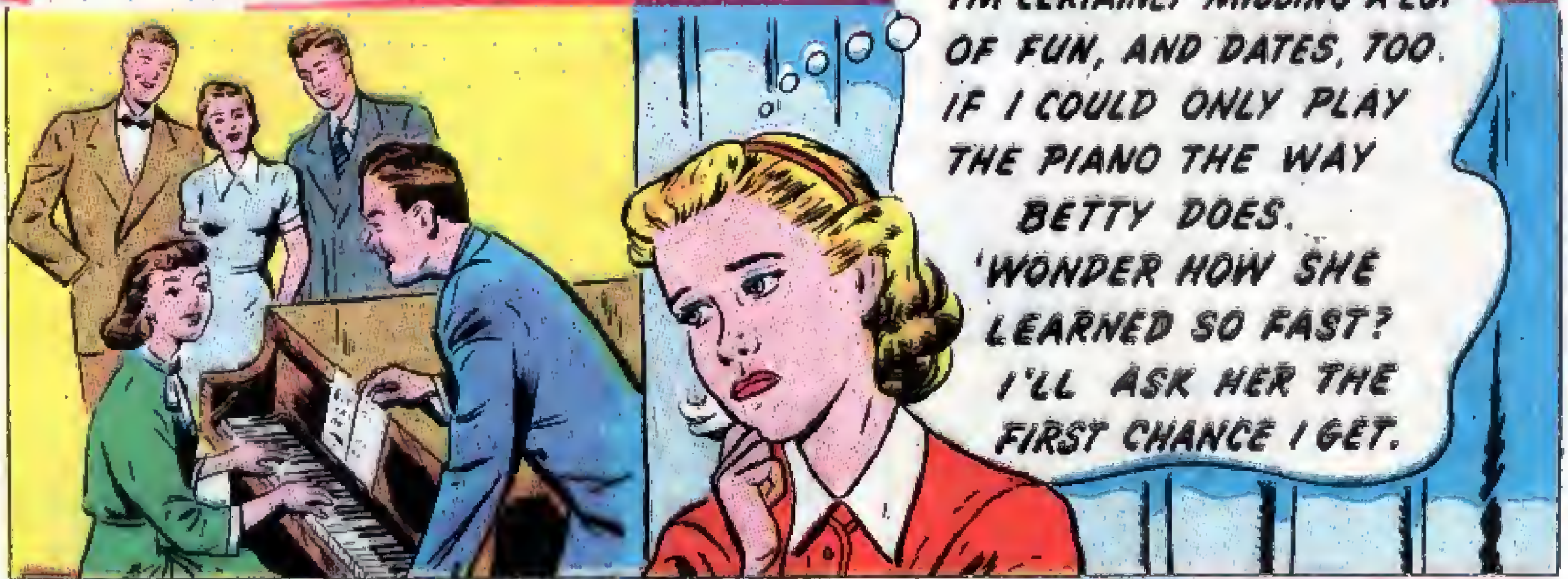
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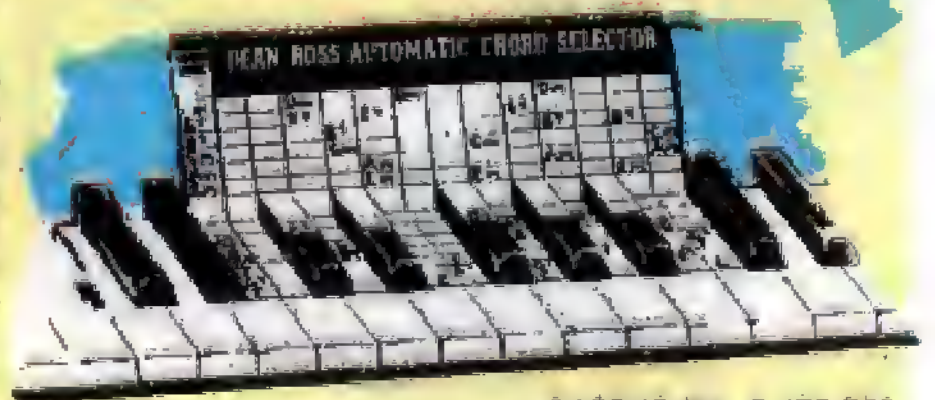
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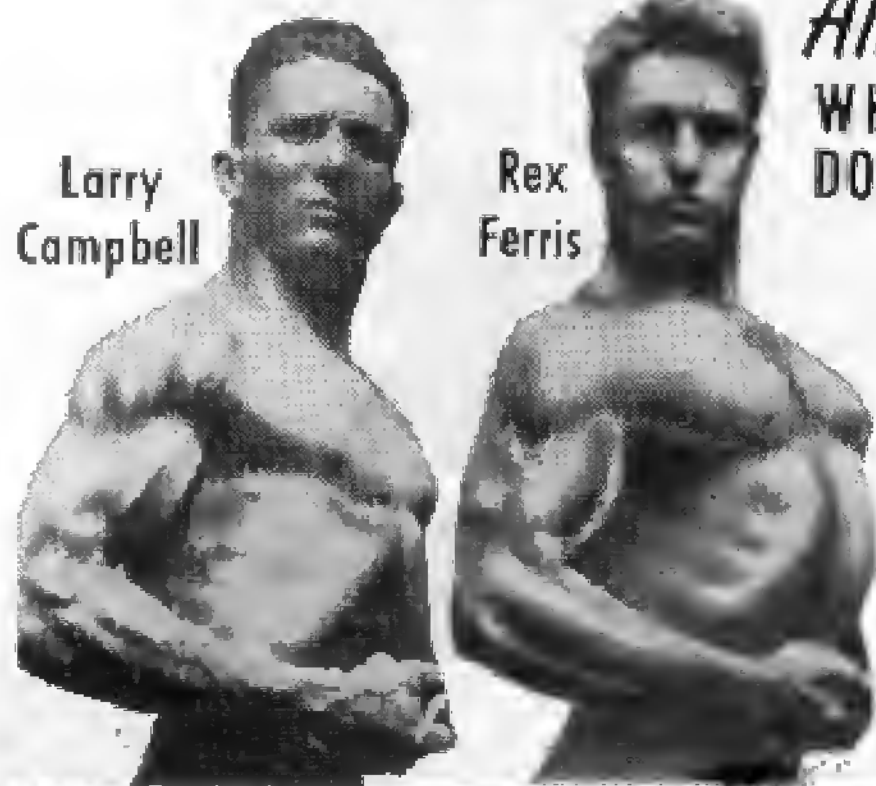


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